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THE TASK AT PARIS

BY ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

We have just reached the end of our seventh week of labors, and a feeling undoubtedly exists, I think in all countries, that the world would like to have seen some more concrete and tangible results than, unfortunately, we are in a position to put before it. I do not think that either the delegates of the Great Powers or the gentlemen who are serving on the innumerable committees which are aiding the delegates to arrive at conclusions can justly be accused of having spared themselves. The labors of those seven weeks have been intensive. Part of those labors have no doubt been indirectly connected with the arrangement of the peace terms. You cannot keep the world as it is at present being kept, in a state of suspense betwixt war on the one side and peace on the other, without having great practical difficulties of an immediate kind to deal with, and those difficulties have been partly connected with the renewal of the armistice terms with Germany, and partly with the difficulties which have inevitably arisen in the young and nascent countries which are springing up before our eyes in the territories that once belonged to the Central Powers or to their allies. A great deal of work has necessarily had to be done on subjects which, from the nature of the case, are ephemeral, but while it is undoubtedly disappointing to feel that we have as yet nothing to show in the way of a concluded peace with any part of the world, yet when we come to consider it I think that what has been accomplished is really a very great, though I admit only a preliminary, work.

Our task is not the sort of task which the statesmen of 1814 and 1815 were faced with. It is not to restore more or less on the old lines the Europe which had been shattered in the course of the Napoleonic wars. What is that compared with the task of the carving out of what was once the Austrian Empire the new States which are to take its place, and that of dealing with the new nationalities which have arisen on the eastern frontier of Germany, with the prodigious task of dealing with the whole Turkish Empire? It is inevitable also that when you are dealing with the frontiers of new States you have to consider the economic future of those States, and it would be a very poor policy so to arrange their frontiers that they were economically strangled from

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their birth. When you add to these problems, which may roughly be described as territorial problems, the new set of considerations which we have to bear in mind in all these discussions, and which centre around the central idea of a League of Nations, you will see at once that no task comparable to that in which we are engaged has ever been undertaken by mankind before.

I think that thoughtful men are more and more beginning to see that this is not merely a dream of dreamers, but that it is a serious endeavor of the responsible representatives of the great democratic countries so to reconstitute the national fabric of the world as to prevent the recurrence of any such calamities as those under which we are groaning. I think it would be a mistake to look at the League of Nations as merely a body which has to spend an idle and dignified existence between widely separated European crises and when these crises occur to restore the threatened peace of the world. I think to the League of Nations will have to be entrusted many responsibilities involving day-to-day work. It will have to be made responsible for matters which have ever been improperly but inevitably left to single powers or else which have been entrusted to one power by some kind of condominium which has proved difficult to work. I think we shall be able to create machinery which shall not be open to all the objections so justly urged in the past against the working of the principle of a condominium, and which shall have all the advantages which those who believe in the principle of a condominium hope to extract from it. Too often a condominium in the past has meant an opportunity for making international intrigue. Apart from the great issues of peace and war I hope that under the new system the League of Nations will undertake duties of the utmost importance for the international working of civilized mankind, and may operate not merely as a practical working business machine, but as a method by which small causes of international friction may be largely brought to an end.

As to the unique magnitude of the task with which we have to deal. In the past wars have impoverished mankind and devastated great areas, and yet I doubt whether any war since the end of the Thirty Years' War has ever had the effect upon industry comparable to that which we are witnessing at the present moment. I am not talking now of the outrages committed by Germans in Belgium and Northern France. I am talking of an even more deep-seated and far-reaching effect of this war. This war has had the result that everything that was British, French, German, Austrian, and Italian, which had to do with Turkey, Bulgaria, Russia, Greece — all the industrial efforts of these countries have been diverted from work on which mankind lives to work by which mankind perishes. And that has been going on for four and a half years.

But Great Britain has, broadly speaking, ceased to produce anything for four and a half years except that which ministered to the cause of the war directly or indirectly. The loss of wealth produced by that state of things is difficult to compute, but the loss we have suffered is not merely the loss of wealth. We talk of the unrest which prevails more or less everywhere and give it various names. But how on earth can men go through what we have been going through since August, 1914, without suffering from after-effects, which may be almost described as pathological, after-effects from which it will take time to recover? I do not say it is within the power of this Conference to remedy that state of things, and I don't say if the statesmen had

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exhausted their collective wisdom they would have been able adequately to deal with it. What I do say is that the state of things I have endeavored to describe, whether you look at it from the economic or the psychological side, has left behind it colossal economic questions which find their echo in the labors of the Conference.

No wonder there are committees considering problems of incalculable difficulty, and that they are working at high pressure. No wonder that the delegates in the Central Conference are pressing them on with their work, and that we are forcing their decisions on questions of most far-reaching complexity — not with the delay of which we are sometimes accused, but with a speed which I now and then fear may leave behind it signs in some cases of imperfect consideration. All concerned in the labors of the Conference may look back and say that, whether they have done well or ill, they have, at all events, done their best to perform the most gigantic task ever set the collective energies of mankind.

I can venture upon no even approximate prophecy as to when the labors of the Conference will come to an end, but, as you are doubtless aware, the policy of the Congress is not to wait to have any peace until peace is universal — not to say that that problem is to be solved and the whole map of the world is to be arranged, and that questions of commercial interest are to be solved before the completed work is shown to an expectant world. Our view is that we ought rather to press on as fast as is practicable, and at all events get as soon as may be a preliminary peace with the greatest of our enemies — Germany. However we look on this war and apportion the blame for the inception of it among the Central Powers, among the criminals Germany no doubt stands first. There can be no doubt that a preliminary peace with Germany would have a psychological effect upon the world, and would tend more than anything else to bring the ordinary man back to normal life, and to make the communities resume as far as possible the even tenor of their way.

While peace with Germany is the most important installment of universal peace, it ought to be, as far as I am able to judge, one of the simplest to make because Germany has not been dissolved into its constituent atoms in the way Austria has been. It is not like the Turkish Empire — a body which must be cut up beyond all recognition if you are to give free play to the principle of nationality and self-determination. Nor yet is it going through that unhappy trial which is causing us such deep anxiety when we look further east to the great Russian peoples. While I think, therefore, the task is simpler, I also think it is more important, and I hope that before the month now begun has run its course we shall be in sight at last,— I wish to use the most moderate language, and not to raise expectations higher than they ought to be raised,— I think we shall at least be within sight of that preliminary peace which I think is so great a stride toward universal peace.

If the account I have given of the task we have undertaken has any relation to the facts of the case, one of the most important questions which will have to be decided — though not by the British delegation — is the share which our brothers across the Atlantic are going to take in these new world-responsibilities. I think it would be impertinence for me to offer the advice or to discuss the particular aspect which these world-problems necessarily bear to the great American Republic. But I may be permitted to say — and feel it so strongly that I should not like to hold my peace upon it — that I think

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at this moment an immense responsibility rests with the American public. They have come into the war, and their action in the war has been of profound importance. Their service to mankind is a great page in their history. But those services will only be half accomplished if, now that the war is over, they do not take their share in the even greater and more responsible labors of the peace. Speaking, as I have a right to speak, as representative of the British Government, I say that what is going on in America at this moment is, in my opinion, at least as important for the success of our labors as what is going on in Paris, and that the New World ought to play at least as important a part in the future international organization as the old historical countries of Europe and the Middle East.

As to when we are going to bring our great task to a successful issue, seven weeks is a short space of time in which to make even the smallest complete portion of so great a structure. All we may claim to have done is to have laid deep the foundations of our work. Even those seven weeks would have been without any useful result if it had not been that in the various countries of Europe an immense amount of work has been done in regard to the League of Nations; and as regards frontiers and political questions, which enables us to set to work, not on an wholly unsurveyed and unknown country, but furnished with a considerable amount of knowledge and guidance for the great task on which we are engaged. I think that before another seven weeks have passed something great and something substantial will have been actually accomplished, and that, in addition to that, we shall be able to see before us some prospect of a complete solution — I do not say a perfect solution, but a complete solution — of the colossal task.

The Daily Telegraph

GERMANY BEFORE THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY COUNT VON BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU

GERMANY'S voluntary disarmament has not softened our enemies but merely given them the possibility of obtaining further concessions from us by the repeated threat of renewing hostilities. Of late, they have made the attempt to settle by this means questions which undoubtedly belong to the objects of the conclusion of peace, and which they aim at settling one-sidedly to our disadvantage by pressure of arms, whereas, according to the principles of peace on which we have agreed, they were to be solved on the basis of justice and reciprocity. I have repudiated this attempt, and will in future repudiate similar attempts. They can do violence to us, but they cannot compel us to recognize violence as justice. We expected a speedy peace because the armistice conditions only had sense if they were maintained for a short period. We are in process of dissolving the whole of our previous armed forces and of replacing our old peace army, which we can well use in the East, by a new Republican

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force. In spite of this, the conditions of the armistice are intensified from month to month. If our enemies consider they must punish us, then they are serving revenge instead of justice, and are killing the spirit in which, on their own declaration, peace should be concluded. Germany has taken the consequences of her defeat upon herself, and is determined to observe the conditions which she has agreed with her enemies. These conditions signify a complete renunciation of the political aims of former Germany and a recognition of the truth which one of the great men of Weimar expressed in the words, 'The history of the world is the judgment of the world.' We decline our enemies as judges because of their prejudice. We can inwardly submit not to the claims of the conqueror but only to the judgment of the unbiased. Therefore, I will not allow myself to be driven away from the points of the Wilson peace programme as recognized by both sides. To this belongs first the compulsory submission of our differences with other States to international arbitration and renunciation of an armament which would permit us to attack a neighbor by force of arms. We are prepared for both limitations of our sovereignty, if our previous enemies and our future neighbors submit to the same limitation.

We recognize that the position which Germany took up on these two fundamental questions at The Hague Conferences was historically guilty, and for the guilt our whole people now has to pay. But this acknowledgment by no means includes the admission that, as our enemies assert, the German people is alone guilty for the world war, and that it has conducted the war with a barbarism which is peculiar to it. We have to complain of long-considered war plans of our enemies and of grievous brutalities in their conduct of war, and are prepared to allow unbiased men who have the confidence of all belligerents to judge the guilt for the war and during the war. Therefore, we hold fast to the Wilson principles that no costs are to be paid to the conqueror and no territory is to be ceded by the vanquished.

We are bound and prepared to make good the damage which has resulted from our attack to the civil population in the territories occupied by us, but if we again build up what has been destroyed in those territories, we wish to do that by our own free work. We protest against our prisoners of war being made to do such labor as slaves and against the state of war being prolonged in order to give a legal excuse for this forced labor. Our enemies have to thank for their victory to an overwhelming extent not the military but the economic conduct of the war. From this it follows that the peace must be not merely a political, but also essentially an economic peace. President Wilson rightly described the principle of economic freedom and equality as the main condition of a just and permanent peace.

We may, therefore, assume that the decisions of the Paris Economic Conference of 1916 will be dropped. It is clear that even a merely temporary differentiation of Germany in the sphere of trade and commerce would be unacceptable for us. A people like the German people cannot be treated as a second-class people. A period of quarantine cannot be imposed upon it before its entry into the League of Nations, as one prevents a ship from entering the harbor because of the danger of plague. If we submit to just conditions of peace, and give that security for their fulfillment which a reasonable opponent (*Vertragsgegner*) can demand, there is no ground for denying us the most favored nation treatment. Thirdly, we also have to

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change our views (*umlernen*) in the sphere of trade policy. We have not always been guided by the truth that even in the relations of peoples the proverb holds good, 'Give, if you wish to take.' That is certainly partly due to the one-sided bureaucratic staffing of our diplomatic service. By bureaucratic means the economic relations of the peoples, which have been deeply shaken by the war, cannot be restored. Therefore, it is my plan to appoint experienced practical men more than formerly to the Diplomatic Service. I have already made a beginning. I trust that our economic service abroad will in future use the freedom of trade which a peace of right must bring us in a manner equally removed from risky extravagance and bureaucratic narrowness. By this means we shall first remove from our path the hostility of other peoples to Germany's trade methods, which had a great share in preparing the atmosphere for the war. But freedom of trade presupposes freedom of the seas. Therefore, the point of the Wilson programme which speaks of the freedom of the seas is one of the most important for Germany. Herein we are less concerned with the rules of naval warfare. We do not now want to speak of new wars, but rather of the peaceful use of sea routes, seacoasts, and harbors. But there is no clearness yet as to this principal point of the future peace. Last autumn the Entente reserved its approval, and the condition which it imposed upon Germany in connection with the promise to supply food and with the prolongation of the armistice give rise to a fear that it intends to rob Germany of the whole of her merchant fleet. But if one intends to compel Germany to enter the League of Nations without a merchant fleet, that would be a violent obstruction of her economic development. Such an attempt is bound to be accompanied by violent agitations which will be a perpetual menace to general peace. Germany can no more enter the League of Nations without colonies than she can without a merchant fleet. According to Wilson's programme there should be a free, generous, and absolutely equitable settlement of colonial questions. In the sense of this programme we expect the return of our colonial possessions which have been taken from us partly by breach of international treaties and partly on threadbare pretexts. We are prepared to negotiate over the cession of this or that colony, but only as legal possessors.

On the other hand, we must be prepared to lose valuable portions of Imperial territory. This applies principally to Alsace-Lorraine, the recovery of which was the fruit of our victory and the symbol of German unity. You know that President Wilson put forward the demand that the injustice which Germany did in 1871 by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine should be repaired. From the standpoint of the new international morality, according to which populations must not be moved about like pawns in the game of the powers, it would be unjust to dispose of Alsatians and Lorrainers without their consent, without even respecting the language frontiers. I will not here refer to the former injustice which was done to the German people. I accept Wilson's standpoint because it is a matter of the right of the present population of Alsace-Lorraine. Violence is done to this right if the French occupation authorities now treat the country as one that has been finally conquered, and drive out or imprison all elements in which they see an obstacle to their imperialist plan, and if they violate the natural claim of the people to its own language by enforced Gallicization.

The Peace Conference has not yet

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put its seal on the destiny of Alsace-Lorraine. It is still in point of law the territory of the Empire. That fact empowers us to support the right of the Alsace-Lorrainers that their voice should be heard when their destiny is decided. Whether they prefer to be French departments or a German free State; whether they prefer autonomy or complete independence, Germany will not believe that the new Europe is based on justice until the clause in the treaty which fixes the future of the country is strengthened by the solemn approbation of the whole population. The French plan of incorporation of the Prussian Saar territory or the Bavarian Palatinate in Alsace-Lorraine is an imperialistic oppression which must be just as sharply condemned as the former intentions of German Chauvinists with regard to the Briey-Longwy basin. The French are concerned with the coal treasures of the Saar basin just as the German Imperialists were with the coal of Briey. If such reasons are to prevail at the peace negotiations, then let every hope be given up of raising international relations to a higher plane.

Certainly France has a political interest in every weakening of Germany. As long as both great nations regard themselves as hereditary enemies and stand opposed to each other armed to the teeth, it will be the task of the Peace Conference to create guaranties which will make such a condition of things senseless. Only let them not try to find the guaranties in separating from Imperial territory parts of it which belong to its vital members. You know what ideas are being spread with suspicious zeal in Rhineland and Westphalia with France and Belgium as their source — the establishment of an independent Republic which will soon fall under French control when the French and Belgian frontiers have been pushed forward into German territory. With great cleverness these tendencies make use of centrifugal forces which have been liberated by the excessive centralization of the whole of our economic life in the war organizations of the capital, and lately by certain Berlin phenomena accompanying the revolution. Thus, true Germans and eloquent supporters of the Imperial idea become victims of a dangerous error against which I must warn them most emphatically in the interest of German foreign policy. I must address the same warning to certain circles in the South, among whom the cry 'Away from Berlin!' finds an echo which is to some degree intelligible, but is not less deplorable.

Though the reconstitution of the Main as the dividing line may perhaps for the moment promise advantages, which during the war an underground propaganda of our enemies tried to make the population believe in, yet as a permanency such a separation would assuredly lead to the destruction of the constitutional and economic independence of the separated parts. The German people is a living unit above all State frontiers, even above the frontiers in the old Empire. A united Empire is its natural form of existence. We do not think of making Swiss or Dutch subjects into Germans. From the Scandinavian nations we annex only the Sagas of their forefathers and the poets of the present. But until the collapse of the Roman Empire the history of Germany and of our Austrian brothers was united. We sat together in the Paulskirche and the appeal to arms which accomplished the *kleindeutsch* instead of the *grossdeutsch* idea appeared to the best among us as a fratricidal one. In coming together again now after all the non-German nationalities of the Hapsburg Monarchy have denounced their friendship, we know that we are making a belated correction of a mistake

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in the founding of the Empire, which the Peace Conference will assuredly not refuse to sanction. Now already the German N. A. and I., as the director of German foreign policy, may protest against the wrong done to German-Austria by its former comrades in the Empire. The new Czecho-Slovak State violates the law to which it owes its own birth, by not only trying to force under its sway by force of arms the Germans of Bohemia and Moravia, but also by claiming territory to the southeast which is inhabited by Germans. The new State desires to subdue to its rule, in order to satisfy its impulse for economic expansion, Austrian Silesia, districts in Lower Austria, and German colonies in the Austro-Hungarian frontier districts. It even threatens to stretch out its hands over territory of the German Empire. Serious protest must be made against such outrages. Calm negotiations could be carried on as to the economic necessities of the Czecho-Slovak State, which arise from its separation from the sea. The new Germany has the same vital interest in the welfare of its adolescent neighbor as the latter has in Germany's economic soundness.

We are, therefore, determined to enforce the right of nationality all round in favor of our German brothers, but we also intend to recognize that right where it is disadvantageous to our position (*Machtstellung*). That applies above all to the Poles. We have declared ourselves ready to allow all districts of our Empire which are beyond question colonized by Poles to be incorporated with the Polish State. We will keep that promise. What districts fall under the 13th Point of Wilson's programme is the subject of controversy. An impartial tribunal may decide on it, but until it is decided these districts belong to the Empire. No one except the Prussian State and the Government of the Empire is empowered to exercise sovereign rights in them. The Polish Nationalists, with their passionate propaganda, did not wish to wait for the decision of the Peace Conference, but rose with violence against German and Prussian officials in order to come to the peace negotiations with as much property in their hands as possible. Thus they carry the horrors of war afresh into the German East, which is simultaneously threatened by the greater danger of Bolshevist Imperialism. Thus they prevent us from protecting the eastern provinces of Prussia effectively against the common enemy. These facts must be sufficient to make it clear to every politician that the first task is to call the Prussian Poles to order and make them stop their campaign of violence. They can no longer justify themselves on grounds of necessary defense, for the new German Government has repealed the oppressive special laws and was ready to meet the Poles on the question of the selection of officials. In spite of that the Poles represent us as the aggressors and the Entente undertakes to forbid the use of force in our own country against the Poles. The Imperial Government has refused such an assumption and has demanded the removal of all armed Polish units from the present territory of the Empire. The German Government will extend full sympathy toward any other form of action by which the Allied and Associated Powers desire to restore order in the Polish districts.

We are bound by the armistice treaty to allow the passage of enemy commissions for this purpose from the Baltic to Congress-Poland, and will in every way facilitate and support the passage of the commissions which have been notified to us. Our own interest demands that the atmosphere of hate which at present poisons German-Polish relations shall be replaced before

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the beginning of peace negotiations by the clear air of mutual understanding. Unfortunately, we cannot look forward to the Polish State being a pleasant neighbor. It must and will be our object to find a *modus vivendi* by careful cultivation of our common interests and by mutual non-interference with national peculiarities. This includes, above all, the recognition of the Polish right to sure access to the Baltic. The problem can be solved by regulation by treaty of shipping on the Vistula and concessions as regards railways and harbors, without the sovereignty of the Empire over inalienable West Prussian territory being affected. If Poland demands that these rights and its constitutional independence shall be placed under international guaranties, Germany will have no objection as long as there is no intention of damaging any neighbor.

The German Danes have the same rights as the German Poles. The German Government considers it its duty to guarantee to the Danes the right of self-determination which it demands for the Germans. After the recent turn of events I hope that on our northern frontier there will be created a shining example of how by free agreement and reasonable compromise a year-long national quarrel can be brought to a sincere, permanent atonement of nations. The German nation is united in the desire to live with the Danish nation in good relations undisturbed by any hidden annoyance. The Danish nation will, I am sure, in its majority take its stand against Germany's defeat being misused to make German land Danish. Anyone who sincerely desires good relations between these neighboring countries cannot mistake the dangers incurred by the creation of an *irredenta*.

From the coming peace we expect that it will create a solid organization for the world in Wilson's League of Nations, which alone makes possible coöperation. The ideal of a League of Nations, which but recently appeared to be the dream of ideologic enthusiasts, now rises into the clear light of reality. Already in Paris a great number of burning questions have been reserved for the coming League of Nations which could not be settled in an exchange of opinions between various interests.

Germany is determined to coöperate unreservedly in the formation of the league, although the others will only admit us with deep suspicion, and the league is founded in the first instance in order to prevent Germany from continuing a bellicose policy, which we do not in the least think of doing. This suspicion we must overcome by proofs of sincere love of peace. Such a proof will first lie in our determined rejection of any policy of armament. For economic and financial reasons Germany is impelled to limit her armament to the lowest standard compatible with the preservation of order at home and the security of her external frontiers. It would be erroneous to think that by concentrating her powers on peaceable work at home our foreign policy would fall short. For a foreign policy supported by superior armed force, though it is easy, is generally a bad and fruitless policy. In any case, of me you must expect the direction of the Empire's affairs only on the principle of not rattling the sabre every moment in order to force our views, but of convincing the opponent that it is in his own interest to examine our views.

External disarmament alone does not suffice, mental disarmament must go hand in hand with it. All differences of a legal character arising between us and any other nation we must treat in a spirit of compromise, and if they cannot be settled by diplomatic methods we must submit them to the judgment

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of a court of arbitration, risking our interests suffering injustice now and then. We must also make it our business to develop international institutions for mediation and settlement of questions of interest which are not suitable for purely legal decision. The well-known Bryan treaties are a model for such settlement offices. The extension of mediation in the League of Nations will lead to differences of opinion between its members being settled before they become so critical as to need judicial decision. I am convinced that the positive duties which fall upon the league in future can only be fulfilled by a solid permanent organization. The necessity, therefore, arises for common executive officials and a kind of League Parliament, such as has been prepared by the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Finally, the League of Nations requires certain means of compulsion in order to carry into effect its decisions.

The renunciation of a considerable portion of its sovereignty therein implicated can only be expected of a free nation if it participates in the executive and also supplies means for compulsion. We cannot enter a League of Nations in which we are to be solely the object of the executive. In the details the nature of the participation of the States in the organs of the league, and the competency of the organs and the rules of procedure will present many difficulties. But I do not give up the hope that mankind, which has so suffered in the world-war, will gain as the fruit of its sacrifices and sorrows this new and better regulation of intercourse between nations. It will then be possible for hate gradually to give place to respect, without which no human intercourse can exist. That does not only apply to the enemy nations with whose representatives we are now negotiating in the West, but also to our eastern neighbor with whom war first broke out and with whom peace was first concluded, but with whom we have now no treaty nor diplomatic relations and are in a *de facto* state of war.

The Russian Soviet Republic has informed the Entente of its readiness to enter into negotiations on the basis of refraining from Bolshevik propaganda in other nations in return for regulating Russia's political conditions without foreign interference. As regards Germany, I see no objection to aiming at an agreement with Russia on this basis. One would think that such a programme would be bound to bring together the statesmen of all the belligerent nations. Only one condition must be made, that is, that Russia also accepts the point in Wilson's demands with reference to the right of national self-determination.

The League of Nations would, however, remain a trunk without a head if there were not included those nations who were able to keep out of the war from the military point of view. It will not be right to definitely establish league institutions without hearing the neutrals.

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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COUNT KAROLYI THROUGH AUSTRIAN EYES

THIS noble gentleman of Debro, who now is at the head of the Hungarian People's Government, has had a strange and wonderful career. They used to lay the staff of office of a political chief in the cradle of Hungarian counts. The latter needed only to be born to establish their claim to a future cabinet office. Count Michael Karolyi was an exception. From his boyhood it was not intended that he should follow a political career. His parents wished to protect the delicate and sickly child from the excitement of political campaigns and educated him as a scientific agriculturist. A serious impediment of speech, which resulted from a fall, seemed to oppose an additional obstacle to any political aspirations of the young count, for in Hungary eloquence is a great political asset. The family council of the Karolyi's further decided that the young Michael was too impetuous and unreliable to be entrusted with political responsibility. The young count was foolhardy to the point of madness and intensely obstinate. He was delighted at an opportunity to jump off of a swiftly moving train in order to get to his destination a little sooner. For a long time, almost until he became a leader, he was the Don Quixote of Hungarian politics. He fought a hopeless fight against the spinning windmills of tradition. But he did not fight from a mere sentiment of romance like his noble predecessor of La Mancha. His purpose was quite the reverse. He wanted to destroy the antiquated romanticism of Hungarian political institutions. His friends said that he was incurable. His family gave him up for lost, so far as an official career was concerned. Indeed, he did spend ten years in politics without being taken in earnest by serious people. He was first really taken in earnest when the deluge of the revolution swept him into power a ready-made Premier. Up to that time he had been involved in the most fantastic controversies. He was exactly like Cervantes's hero. Graf Tisza had him removed from the hall of Parliament in the midst of a lively struggle at the hands of the sergeant of arms. In the scrimmage his clothing was almost torn from his body. He immediately challenged Graf Tisza to a duel, which lasted an hour and ended with the exhaustion of the opponents.

In those days Graf Karolyi was still a high Tory and president of the arch-conservative union of Hungarian country landlords. Only gradually was he converted into the most radical political leader of Hungary. Failures merely stimulated his determination. He is the owner of vast estates and his palace in University Street in the very middle of Budapest occupies the centre of private grounds covering several thousand square metres. The value of this entailed residence is estimated at 20,000,000 crowns. Nevertheless, he fell into financial difficulties, for the kind of politics he conducted produced little revenue. His public campaigns cost untold millions. Before the outbreak of the war he conducted an agitation in America for his political ideas, and was preparing to take a party to Petrograd when this project was interrupted by the war. On his way back from America he was interned in France. His powerful connections enabled him to secure his freedom and he

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continued his campaign with growing and still more passionate devotion. He staked everything on his policy, his political and civic existence. There were moments when it was only by a miracle that he escaped the fate of Caillaux.

The political significance of his career is expressed in two facts. He took up the policies of Louis Kossuth, which had almost been forgotten, and followed them up with resolution and ersistency. He thus created a new and a broader foundation for Parliament, which was on the verge of paralysis on account of its growing dependence upon a small circle of privileged statesmen. He did not attempt to conceal the fact that his heart was on the side of the Entente. But his political support was still very small and he possessed practically no real power in Parliament; so he sought allies and found them among the Socialists and Radicals. Thus he gained for his policy, which previously had looked mainly toward political reform, a new source of strength. As soon as he had thus brought the Socialist masses and the radical element among the bourgeoisie over to his side, he began to be a serious factor in politics. He broke away from the old policy of political recrimination, upon which the independent parties of all shades had previously lived, and projected a new foreign policy and borrowed progressive ideals from the Socialists and the radical bourgeoisie. That was a programme upon which a man can get forward. The best heads among the Social Democrats and the Radicals — they now coöperate with him in the government — flocked to his colors. He bestowed upon the parties that under the oligarchical system had no direct voice in Parliament real influence upon legislation. A peculiar fact added to his influence at this time. Graf Michael Karolyi, who previously was known as an orator with an impediment of speech and an awkward manner, who produced even a painful impression when he talked in public, was suddenly able to acquire the gift that gives power to great speakers — intimate touch with his hearers. In spite of his impediment of speech, Graf Karolyi has become a true orator. On innumerable occasions Graf Stephen Tisza, his greatest political opponent and a practised and polished public speaker, pitilessly overwhelmed him in public debate. But in his last Parliamentary speech, in which he castigated the failures of the government, Karolyi came off easily the victor. Graf Stephen Tisza frankly acknowledged the situation in his speech, which opened with the words: 'We have lost the war.' Graf Karolyi has the art of winning powerful sympathy when addressing the masses. He delivered numerous speeches from the windows of the national council up to the most important day of his life, the day when the Hungarian Republic was proclaimed.

The tall, slender man, with a body hardened by outdoor exercise, with his pale, delicate countenance, when at the noon hour of November 16 he emerged from the vestibule of Parliament was received with a hurricane of applause and cheering from one hundred thousand throats. Graf Karolyi spoke with quick, abrupt but forceful gestures. As always occurs when he begins a speech, sullen defiance was engraved on his countenance. It was as if he desired to tell the people that they must not rejoice too soon, that the battle was far from ended.

Count Karolyi is to-day a popular man. How long will the people's favor be loyal to him? The mob is very fickle.

The Neue Freie Presse

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MINOR POWERS AND THE LEAGUE

BY ANNA WICKSELL

DURING the last fifty years the principle of non-intervention has taken hold of the public mind and become a fixed rule of international law. It implies a right for every State which has reached a certain degree of civilization to conduct its internal affairs and even its foreign policy without being hindered or restrained by any Power which has no direct interest in the point at issue. The principle has been developed as a defensive measure, a protection for minor States against unwarranted interference from the Great Powers; it was born as a reaction — and a just reaction — against the tendencies of the Holy Alliance, tendencies which since that time have lost ground, but have never quite vanished.

These facts ought to be borne in mind by everyone who wants to understand the caution with which the small States have approached the idea of a League of Nations. It is easy to see, and we acknowledge with gratitude, that it is an important concession on the part of the Great Powers to declare themselves willing to resort, in all conflicts, not to force but to a court of arbitration or to a procedure of inquiry and conciliation; we all consider such an agreement a guaranty of our national security, better than any armaments which we can afford. We are perfectly aware that the acceptance of a duty of this purport implies a sacrifice for the Great Powers, in many cases certainly a sacrifice of a possibility of wrongdoing, but still a sacrifice to the profit of weak nations which have always lived under the risk of being obliged one evil day to yield to force or menace. Sweden has lived for many years under the pressure of a supposed Russian wish to gain access to the Atlantic through Swedish territory and Norwegian ports. It is quite certain that this fear has been used, and even abused, in this country to create a sort of preparedness which has pressed unduly on the middle and working classes. With an international system of judicial procedure, or a procedure of investigation and conciliation, in the case of every international conflict, whatever its nature, this fear will be removed, and room will be made for a more liberal and broad-minded policy than has been prevalent in Sweden for the last generation.

The great crux, however, of the League of Nations problem is the plan of international sanctions. The use of such sanctions is intervention *in optima forma*, and it is not much to be wondered at that we feel a certain misgiving and a certain distrust in seeing that old bogey suddenly peeping in at the window, when we thought it had been happily expelled through the door. We are perfectly ready to admit that an absolute principle of non-intervention cannot be theoretically maintained. With the growing interdependence of States, and especially with a real international judiciary organization, the great common interest of creating universal respect for this organization must warrant interference by the comity of nations against any power which attempts to break its funda-

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mental principles. But in practice even the name of international law and order may be abused and, as a matter of fact, it has been abused in order to cover selfish purposes. We understand perfectly well that international sanctions, justly wielded, form in themselves a part of that guaranty for the security, especially on small States, which is the main purpose of a legally organized League of Nations. But will they always be justly wielded?

In many cases it is very difficult to know when an international intervention in the name of public order is justified. We have an illuminating example of this difficulty in the very actual problem: Are we morally and politically justified in taking concerted military action against the Russian Bolsheviki and their methods of realizing the august principles of liberty, equality, and human brotherhood? Personally, I think we are, but a great many morally and politically developed men and women in Great Britain as well as in this country think we are not. Even if we all readily agree that an intervention caused by inner troubles ought only to take place in very exceptional cases, instances may happen where the troubles are of a really international character and where great discretion and knowledge are needed in order to decide upon the course to be taken. Can we, then, always be sure that the recourse to a sanction may not be prompted by rather selfish Great-Power interests? There is no denying that the habits of the Great Powers have not always been quite irreproachable in this respect.

Now, I do not mean to say that such risk ought to cause the small States to remain outside an established League of Nations armed with effective sanctions. Even if nothing could be done to lessen dangers of this kind, these risks *with* a League of Nations are for the small peoples certainly preferable to the same risks *without* a League of Nations, which is what we have now. But I think the small States are quite justified in studying this question very intently with a view to finding possible guaranties against the dangers here mentioned. Such guaranties can be found, and, even if they do not remove all risks, they still go a long way toward making the coming League of Nations secure for us all.

It ought not to be difficult to see that it is all but impossible for the small European nations to enter a League of Nations that did not reckon as its members all the Great Powers. One might think it sufficient that the league should be *open* to all the Great Powers, but I fear it is not; however unreasonable it may appear that a single power should, by its refusal to join the league, obstruct an arrangement considered beneficent to all mankind, still there is no denying that a League of Nations, with only a single one of the Great Powers standing aloof, will take the form of an alliance of one group of nations against another, and we shall then have again the same system of 'groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise' which it is the very object of the league to remove. That is why we look forward to a clean peace as a *conditio sine qua non* for a future League of Nations. A German victory would never have given us that clean peace. We are confident that the victory of the Allies will do so. We do not demand that the peace which the Allied Powers will create shall be without faults and mistakes in details; it is sufficient that good will should be manifested, the good will that from the beginning of the war was shown by British statesmen, and in which both the President of the U. S. A. and French statesmen have joined.

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But even given a clean peace and the forming of a League of Nations with all the Great Powers adhering to it, other conditions are required. A heavy reduction of armaments seems to be a corollary to a League of Nations. No single member of the league must be allowed to give to its armaments by land or sea such capacity as would enable it to oppose the whole league, or would force the other members to arm on the same scale. The amount of military and naval forces which each country shall continue to possess must be settled internationally and controlled internationally. When Lord Grey, in his admirable speech of October 10, last year, says that 'the one thing which is going to produce disarmament in the world is a sense of security,' I think he is saying only half the truth. If a sense of security is a necessary condition for disarmament, it is no less true that nothing will give us that sense of security so much as a real international reduction of armaments, decided and executed in good faith.

President Wilson said in one of his messages that the goal of this war is to make the world safe for democracy. But it is not enough that the members of the League of Nations should be, at least to a certain extent, democratic States; it is necessary that the organization of the league should itself be founded on a democratic base. Lord Grey said in one of his earlier speeches last year that the small States could perhaps be spared the obligation to furnish part of the international police force, or whatever it is to be called, and even in the United States this idea has gained adherents, who have also drawn the natural conclusion that these small States are not to be given the same amount of influence in the decisions of the league, especially the decision when, where, and how the military force of the league is to be used.

The small nations can never consent to such a plan. They must demand to share both the risk and the responsibility of the execution of international sanctions, and they must claim due influence as to their actual use. It may be that in some cases a greater part — even relatively — of the military burden will fall upon the Great Powers than upon the Minor Powers; but I do not think this circumstance would justify a greater preponderance on their part than is given to them as things are, solely on the ground that they are Great Powers. Perhaps a fair way of regulating the decisions of the league upon this point is given in Lord Parker's plan (House of Lords debate, March 19, 1918), that the majority entitled to resolve upon the use of economic or military sanctions should be not only a majority of the members present and voting, but also a majority of the councilors representing the Great Powers. That would give the Great Powers what may be due to them without infringing upon the rights of the smaller nations.

Finally, I think very great care must be taken to give an accurate definition of the *casus fœderis* with respect to concerted action by the members of the League of Nations. Whether such action be confined to the sole case of a member of the league refusing to submit its quarrel with another State to arbitration or investigation, or whether it be extended to the case of a refusal to obey an award of an international tribunal, the fixing of the exact moment when an economic or military sanction may be resorted to is a very difficult matter. Such refusals may have motives and reasons that can make them excusable, perhaps even justifiable, or at least intelligible, and these reasons and motives ought to be looked into by a proper authority. Not till that has been done ought any sanc-

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tion to be permitted, and a military sanction only when the recalcitrant State itself has resorted to military measures.

There are a great many other difficult problems connected with the organization of international sanctions, but they concern great and small States alike, and need no discussion here. We are waiting now for the proposal to be made from the side of the Allies. Today everything is fluid in Central Europe. It will require much wisdom, moderation, and a keen sense of justice in the Allies, if the league is not to be drowned in the blood of civil war even before it is born. The responsibility for the most frightful war that has ever been lies with Germany and Austria-Hungary; the responsibility for the peace which shall make the future safe for great and small nations lies with the Allies. *Victoire oblige.*

The International Review

A CELESTIAL LAUREATE

BY ERNEST BRAMAH

To Wong Ho, the merchant, pleasurably immersed in the calculation of an estimated profit on a junk load of birds' nests, sharks' fins, and other seasonable delicacies, there came a distracting interruption occasioned by a wandering poet who had sat down within the shade provided by Wong Ho's ornamental gate in the street outside. As he reclined there he sang ballads of ancient valor, from time to time beating a hollow wooden duck in unison with his voice so that the charitable should have no excuse for missing the entertainment.

Unable any longer to continue his occupation, Wong Ho struck an iron gong.

'Bear courteous greetings to the accomplished musician outside our gate,' he said to the slave who had appeared, 'and convince him — by means of a heavily weighted club, if necessary — that the situation he has taken up is quite unworthy of his incomparable efforts.'

When the slave returned it was with an entire absence of the enthusiasm of one who has succeeded in an enterprise.

'The distinguished mendicant outside disarmed the one who is relating the incident by means of an unworthy stratagem, and then struck him repeatedly on the head with the image of a sonorous wooden duck,' reported the slave submissively.

Meanwhile, the voice, with its accompaniment, continued to chant of the deeds of bygone heroes.

'In that case,' said Wong Ho coldly, 'entice him into this inadequate chamber by words suggestive of liberal entertainment.'

This device was successful, for very soon the slave returned with the stranger. He was a youth of studious appearance and an engaging openness of manner. Hung about his neck by means of a cord were a variety of poems suitable to most of the contingencies of an ordinary person's existence. The name he bore was Sun, and he was of the house of Kiau.

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'Honorable greeting, minstrel,' said Wong Ho with dignified condescension. 'Why do you persist in exercising your illustrious talent outside this person's insignificant abode?'

'Because,' replied Sun modestly, 'the benevolent mandarin who has just spoken had not then invited me inside. Now, however, hé will be able to hear to greater advantage the very doubtful qualities of my entertainment.'

With these words, Kiau Sun struck the duck so proficiently that it emitted a lifelike call, and prepared to raise his voice in a chant.

'Restrain your undoubted capacity,' exclaimed Wong Ho hastily. 'The inquiry presented itself to you at an inaccurate angle. Why, to restate it, did you continue before this uninviting hovel when, under the external forms of true politeness, my slave endeavored to remove you hence?'

'In the circumstances, this person may have overlooked the delicacy of the message, for, as it is well written, "To the starving, a blow from a skewer of meat is more acceptable than a caress from the hand of a maiden,"' replied Kiau Sun. 'Whereunto remember, thou two-stomached merchant, that although the house in question is yours, the street is mine.'

'By what title?' demanded Wong Ho contemptuously.

'By the same that confers this well-appointed palace upon you,' replied Sun; 'because it is my home.'

'The point is one of some subtlety,' admitted Wong Ho, 'and might be pursued to an extreme delicacy of attenuation if it were argued by those whose profession it is to give a variety of meanings to the same thing. Yet even allowing the contention, it is none the less an unendurable infliction that your voice should disturb my peacefully-conducted enterprise.'

'As yours would have done mine, O concave-witted Wong Ho!'

'That,' retorted the merchant, 'is a disadvantage that you could easily have averted by removing yourself to a more distant spot.'

'The solution is equally applicable to your own case, mandarin,' replied Kiau Sun affably.

'Alas!' exclaimed Wong Ho, with an obvious inside bitterness, 'it is a mistake to argue with persons of limited intelligence in terms of courtesy. This, doubtless, was the meaning of the philosopher Nhy-hi when he penned the observation: "Death, a woman, and a dumb mute, always have the last word." Why did I have you conducted hither to convince you dispassionately, rather than send an armed guard to force you away by violence?'

'Possibly,' suggested the minstrel, 'because my profession is a legally recognized one, and, moreover, under the direct protection of the exalted Mandarin Shen-y-ling.'

'Profession!' retorted Wong Ho, stung by the reference to Shen-y-ling, for that powerful official's attitude was indeed the inner reason why he had not pushed violence to a keener edge against Kiau Sun. 'An abject mendicancy, yielding two hands' grasp of copper cash a day on a stock composed of half a dozen threadbare odes.'

'Compose me half a dozen better, and one hand-count of cash shall be apportioned to you each evening,' suggested Sun.

'A handful of cash for *my* labor!' exclaimed the indignant Wong Ho. 'Learn, puny wayfarer, that in a single day the profit of my various enterprises exceeds a hundred taels of silver.'

'That is less than the achievement of my occupation,' said Kiau Sun.

'Less!' repeated the merchant incredulously. 'Can you, O boaster, display a single tael?'

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'Doubtless, I should be the possessor of thousands if I made use of the attributes of a merchant — three hands and two faces. But that was not the angle of my meaning. My labors enable men to forget: yours only compel them to remember.'

Thus they continued to strive, each one contending for the preëminence of his own state, regardless of the sage warning: 'In three moments a laborer will remove an obstructing rock, but three moons will pass without two wise men agreeing on the meaning of a vowel.' And, doubtless, they would have persisted in their intellectual entertainment until the great sky-lantern rose and the pangs of hunger compelled them to desist, were it not for the manifestation of a very unusual occurrence.

The Emperor N'ang Wei, then reigning, is now generally regarded as being in no way profound or inspired, but possessing the faculty of being able to turn the differences among his subjects to a profitable account, and other accomplishments useful in a ruler. As he passed along the streets of his capital he heard the voices of two upraised in altercation, and, halting the bearer of his umbrella, he commanded that the persons concerned should be brought before him and state the nature of their dispute.

'The rivalry is an ancient one,' remarked the Emperor when each had made his claim. 'Doubtless, we ourselves could devise a judgment, but in this cycle of progress it is more usual to leave decision to the pronouncement of the populace — and much less exacting to our imperial ingenuity. An edict will, therefore, be published, stating that at a certain hour Kiau Sun will stand upon the Western Hill of the city and recite one of his incomparable epics, while at the same gong-stroke Wong Ho will take his station on the East Hill, let us say, for the purpose of distributing pieces of silver among any who are able to absent themselves from the competing attraction. It will then be clearly seen which entertainment attracts the greater number.'

'Your mind, O all-wisest, is only comparable to the peacock's tail in its spreading brilliance,' exclaimed Wong Ho, well assured of an easy triumph.

Kiau Sun, however, remained silent, but he observed closely the benignly impartial expression of the Emperor's countenance.

. . . . . .

When the indicated time arrived, only two persons could have been observed within the circumference of the Western Hill of the city — a blind mendicant who had lost his way and an extremely round-bodied mandarin who had been abandoned there by his carriers when they heard the terms of the edict. But about the Eastern Hill the throng was so great that for some time after it was unusual to meet a person whose outline had not been permanently altered by the occasion. Even Kiau Sun was present.

On a protected eminence stood N'ang Wei. Near him was Wong Ho, confidently awaiting the moment when the Emperor should declare himself. When, therefore, the all-wisest graciously made a gesture of command, Wong Ho hastened to his side, an unbecoming elation gilding the fullness of his countenance.

'Wong Ho,' said the Illimitable, 'the people are here in gratifying profusion. The moment has thus arrived for you to consummate your triumph over Kiau Sun.'

'Omnipotence?' queried Wong Ho.

'The silver that you were to distribute freely to all who came. Doubtless, you have a retinue of slaves in attendance with weighty sacks of money for the purpose.'

'But that was only in the nature of

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an imagined condition, Sublime Being, designed to test the nature of their preference,' said Wong Ho, with an incapable feeling of no confidence in the innermost seat of his self-confidence. 'This abject person did not for a breathing space contemplate or provide for so formidable an outlay.'

A shadow of inquiry appeared above the eyebrows of the Sublimest, although his refined imperturbability did not permit him to display any acute emotion.

'It is not entirely a matter of what you contemplated, merchant, but what this multitudinous and, as we now perceive, generally well-armed concourse imagined. Greatly do we fear that when the position has been explained to them, the breathing space remaining, O Wong Ho, will not be in your body. What,' continued the liberal-minded sovereign, turning to one of his attending nobles, 'what was it that happened to Nung-lo who failed to satisfy the lottery ticket-holders in somewhat similar circumstances?'

'The scorpion vat, Serenest,' replied the vassal.

'Ah,' commented the Enlightened One, 'for the moment we thought that it was the burning sulphur plaster.'

'That was Ching Yen, who lost approval in the inlaid coffin raffle, Benign Head,' prompted the noble.

'True — there is a certain oneness in all these cases. Well, Wong Ho, we are entirely surrounded by an expectant mob, and their attitude, after much patient waiting, is tending toward a clearly-defined climax. By what means is it your intention to extricate us all from the position into which your insatiable vanity has thrust us?'

'Alas, Imperishable Majesty, I am only to have three pieces of silver and a string of brass cash in my sleeve,' confessed Wong Ho tremblingly.

'And that would not go very far — even if flung into the limits of the press,' commented the Emperor. 'We must look elsewhere for deliverance then. Kiau Sun, stand forth and try your means.'

Upon this invitation Sun appeared from the tent in which he had awaited the summons and advanced to the edge of the multitude. With no appearance of fear or concern he stood before them and, bending his energies to the great task imposed on him, he struck the hollow duck so melodiously that the note of expectancy vibrated into the furthest confines of the crowd. Then, modulating his voice in unison, Kiau Sun began to chant.

At first the narration was of times legendary, when dragons and demons moved about the earth in more palpable forms than they usually maintain to-day. A great mist overspread the Empire and men's minds were vaporous, nor was their purpose keen. Later, deities and well-disposed forces began to exercise their powers. The mist was turned into a benevolent system of rivers and canals, and iron, rice, and the silkworm then appear. Next heroes and champions whose names have been preserved arose. They fought the giants, and an era of literature and peaceful tranquillity set in. After this there was the great invasion from the north, but the people rallied, and by means of a war lasting five years, five moons, and five days the land was freed again. This prefaced the golden age when chess was invented, printed books first made, and the examination system begun.

So far Kiau Sun had only sung of things that men know dimly through a web of time, but the melody of his voice, and the valors of the deeds he told, had held their minds. Now he began skillfully to intertwine among the narration scenes and doings that were near to all — of the coming of spring across the mountains that surround the

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capital, sunrise on the great lagoon, with the splash of oars and the cormorants in flight, the appearance of the blossom in the peach orchards, the festivals of boats and lanterns, their daily task and the reward each saw beyond. Finally he spoke quite definitely of the homes awaiting their return, the mulberry tree about the gate, the fire then burning on the hearth, the pictures on the walls, the ancestral tablets, and the voices calling each. And as he spoke and made an end of speaking, the people began silently to melt away until none remained but Kiau Sun, Wong Ho, and the Emperor and his band.

'Kiau Sun,' said the discriminating N'ang Wei, 'in memory of this day the office of Chanter of Congratulatory Odes in the palace ceremonial is conferred on you, with the title of "Leaf-crowned" and the yearly allowance of five hundred taels and a jar of rice wine. And Wong Ho,' he added thoughtfully, 'shall be permitted to endow the post — also in memory of this day.'

Land and Water

SOUVENIRS

BY 'L'

It was at the time when men still imagined that to be a pivotal man in some way enhanced their chances of being demobilized that an abnormal wave of acquisitiveness passed over us. Before it passed, I regret to say, it *hovered*, chiefly on account of the prospect of a speedy return home and the desire to take back some kind of trophy to satisfy the still small voice of inquiry concerning papa and the Great War.

The very first day after we had arrived in the most unimportant village imaginable (our usual luck), Roley, the fattest subaltern on record, lurched into the room and told us of the discovery of a wonderful trainload of abandoned Bosch material. Being a regular soldier, acquisitiveness runs through his whole being, of course, and he gave us a most glowing account of the wonders to be found. 'Full of things,' he cried; 'coal, Bosch beds, field guns and souvenirs — hundreds of 'em.'

I know no rabbit that could have pricked up his ears quicker than did the pivotal men at the sound of that magic word. 'Hail, Roley!' we cried; 'we who are about to be demobilized salute you!'

That evening a select conclave of superscroungers met with great solemnity. Beds for the men and coal for all — certainly, and *then* we would start collecting. By the morrow each man slept in luxury, while subalterns from other companies came in to warm themselves by our roaring fires. Not till then did we feel justified in turning our thoughts to the furnishing of the baronial hall at home.

Some day, we pivotal men are still ready to believe, when demobilization is nearly complete we shall return to our bowler hats and civic respectability, but, meantime, let me tell you, respectable elderly subalterns *enjoy* things like clambering over a forbidden

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Bosch train in search of loot. When we had climbed to the end of the trucks and were thoroughly dirty, we found we had done very badly. The souvenirs were there all right, but no matter how interesting and desirable it may be, you simply cannot pack up a field gun and send it home — the tail part does stick out so.

Chardenal and I had picked up the best thing we could find, brass cartridge cases (about three feet high) of a 5.9 gun, and some shorter eight-inch affairs. It was hard work. I carried four of the former and Chardenal carried two of each, and we looked as if we had come to mend a main drain. Not having been in the army long enough to have lost all sense of shame, Chardenal began by trying to hide his cases under his British warm. His biggest effort at concealment was made when passing the sentry of the Brigade Headquarters' guard, and the noise he made doing it brought the whole guard out. However, being sentries, they took very little notice of what we did, except that the N.C.O. in charge certainly did pick up one of the dropped cases and hand it to Chardenal. This was after I had tried to help him and we had dropped the whole lot.

After this Chardenal gave up all idea of concealment and tried to express by his carriage that he accepted no responsibility whatever for the souvenirs. He did n't want the things, not he! They were *there*, certainly, and — well, yes, he was carrying them, but *why* he was carrying them (here he would have shrugged his shoulders if he could) he really could n't tell you; it was a matter of absolute indifference to him, anyway. Histrionically I have no doubt it was a great piece of work, but the only possible inference anybody could have drawn was that he might have been carrying them to oblige me — which I resented.

Heavens, how our arms ached, for it was over two miles to the billet! A collision of milk trains could hardly have made more noise than we did as we clashed and clanged down the main street. Of course we met everybody we knew. People we had n't seen for years, people we did n't like, people who did n't like us — all seemed to have been paraded especially for the occasion.

We got home in the end, and it was a great triumph. The only unenthusiastic person was Mr. Brown, my batman, who surveyed the things in silence, betokening that he knew quite well he would be called upon to sew them up in sacking and label them 'Officer's Spare Kit, care of Cox and Co.' Then he looked sadly at my soiled tunic and my British warm and asked if I had carried them far. 'Over two miles,' I replied proudly. 'Pity,' he said; 'there's a whole dump of them at the bottom of the garden here.'

There the matter might have ended if the fat Roley had not lurched up again the next day with a steel box containing a dial sight off a field gun. The dial sight was a complicated affair of prisms and lenses which probably cost the Bosch about sixty pounds, and we felt a little sick at having overlooked such a find.

'Awful job I had too,' he went on. 'Some fellows were seen yesterday taking stuff away and they've put a sentry on the train.'

'Serve them right,' we said.

Next day we returned to the trucks to try again. The sentry was engaged in a little conversation, and while Chardenal took his photograph (ostensibly for the *Daily Snap* as 'Sentry Guarding a Train'), I slipped behind the trucks, opened a couple of lids in the tails of some field guns, picked out two cases of sights and hurried off. Chardenal joined me later and, concealing

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our swag under our British warms, we walked as quickly as we could until the Brigadier stopped and had a little chat with us about things in general. And there we had to stand for a quarter of an hour on a freezing afternoon with two fingers holding the box and the other fingers holding the coat down to effect better concealment. Chardenal was in so much pain and wore such an expression of agonized innocence that the Brigadier wanted him to come into headquarters until he felt better.

'Well, what have you got?' asked Carfax, another candidate for demobilization, when we finally got back and showed him the cases.

'Only two?' he cried, 'and you promised *me* one!' We said things.

'What lenses are they?' he asked.

'I don't know,' said Chardenal, 'but, whatever's the heaviest kind, that's the kind we've brought.'

And we opened the boxes and they were empty.

The baronial hall will remain unfurnished. I'm fed up with the whole business.

Punch

THE NEW LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKOV

BY R. M. BIRKMYRE

It is so far not possible for us to get a complete idea of Anton Tchekov, although we can form a fairly accurate opinion from the facts now in our possession. *Ex pede Herculem.* The fourth volume of his letters, lately published in Russia, takes us to the year 1896, when *The Sea Gulls* was produced at the Alexandrinsky Theatre in Petrograd. He had still to write two of his most important plays, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard.* Eight years of life and work still lay before him. Though these two plays were not written till the author was well on in his short life, one can easily suppose that they lay shadowy in his mind during those quiet years spent at his little farm of Melikhov, in the government of Moscow, where he had gone with his family in the hopeless quest — for Tchekov — of rest and solitude and health. *Uncle Vanya* reflects this quiet, fruitful period, just as certain chapters of *Anna Karenina* reflect the mood of Tolstoy when he became the peasant proprietor of Yasnaya Polyana. The motive which took these two writers back to nature is characteristic and diverse. Tchekov fled to the quiet of the country to escape from the intolerable boredom of men and cities, and to lose himself. Tolstoy put on the garb of the *moujik*, toiled late and early like the humblest ditcher on his estate, not only to escape from men and cities and the contaminating artificiality of social life, but also to find himself. That neither was successful was his supreme tragedy. It was Tolstoy's path of repentance leading towards spiritual redemption; the mystic way beckoned by unseen forces. We need not probe so deeply in the case of Tchekov. He was neither mystic nor reformer, but a very human and sensitive literary

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artist, cursed with a delicate, nervous temperament, tracked by ruthless disease. Life was not a cross to Tchekov; it was a rack; the 'mattress grave' of this Heine of Russian literature.

We know so little about the life of Tchekov that a few facts may be welcome. Anton Tchekov was born of humble parentage in the old Black Sea port of Taganrog on January 17, 1860. His father was a grocer — an unsuccessful one. The young Tchekov was pressed, with or against his will, into the provision trade; and although we are told that he worked cheerfully in his father's shop, he looked back on the sordid days of his childhood with regret and sadness, much as Dickens looked back on his early days in the blacking warehouse. The family fortunes were perpetually at a low ebb, and Tchekov seems to have felt keenly the pinch of penury. It is a relief to know that during these dark days Tchekov's grandfather, who seems to have been a man of substance, had become manager of an estate in the country of the Cossacks, and there the young Tchekov spent his summers, fishing in the rivers, roaming about the countryside, brown as a gypsy, free as a bird, listening to the talk of the humble peasant folk in the kitchen, just as he had listened to the talk and gossip of the customers in his father's shop at Taganrog. The Tchekov family then removed to Moscow, and when Tchekov joined them later on it was as author of an ambitious tragedy, afterwards destroyed — the fate of so many first tragedies. He had now become a student of medicine at the University of Moscow, still continuing to write in the hope of raising the fallen fortunes of the Tchekovs; and after the usual difficulties that dance attendance on the young author, he managed to get a small post on some of the local newspapers. This stage of his early struggles is reflected in *The Sea Gulls*. In 1884 he took his degree as a doctor of medicine, and decided to practise, without, however, relinquishing his literary work. His first collection of stories appeared in 1887, followed a year later by another series. Tchekov was now on the road to success, marred only by persistent ill health. The rest of his life is a chronicle of work, travel, and illness, as reflected in the letters. His first play, *Ivanoff*, produced in Moscow in 1889, was, like *The Sea Gulls* later on, a complete failure. Tchekov, recognizing certain immaturities in it, rewrote it, and in its new form it was produced at Petrograd, when it met with a tremendous success. He then wrote in rapid succession *The Boor*, *The Demon*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Cherry Orchard*, and the other plays and stories associated with his name. *The Cherry Orchard* was Tchekov's last play. It was produced in 1904, a little before his death, when he was recognized and feted as one of Russia's greatest dramatists. Tchekov died suddenly from consumption in a little village in the Black Forest, where he had gone on one of his numerous pilgrimages in search of health. These are the bare facts.

These letters cover the four years (1892–1896) he spent on his small farm of Melikhov, in the Moscow Government. It is, on the whole, a gray chronicle, overcast with sickness and despair; a period of self-questioning, revolt, and transition, ending with the fiasco of *The Sea Gulls*. All this we learn from the letters. Some of them strike a querulous note; others are in a more cheerful vein, but over them all is the trail of despondency and ill health. Sometimes we have the piquancy of Heine, without the mocking cynicism; more often it is the dyspeptic cry of Carlyle. One thing we are grateful for in these letters of Tchekov. There is nothing in them

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of the Olympian didacticism of the recently published letters of Tolstoy. We are not treated to endless discussions on social problems — Tchekov offered no panacea for life's ills — and although it was a life of small interests rounded with dreams of art, there is a warmer and more human note in Tchekov's letters than in the cold, formal epistles of Tolstoy. Tolstoy never quite threw off the mantle of the prophet; he was always in the clouds, remote, inaccessible. Tchekov never soared so high and never fell so low. We understand him better. We feel that he is one of ourselves, with all the failings and aspirations of the human spirit. The difference between Tolstoy and Tchekov is the difference between Goethe and Heine. The one was an Olympian, the other a mortal. If Tchekov resembles Maupassant in his artistic ideals, he also resembles Burns in his rich, ardent humanity. Let us not be misunderstood. He did not write odes to the daisy or the mouse. He was neither an inspired sentimentalist like Burns, nor an avowed altruist like Tolstoy, but there was something in the soul of Tchekov just as precious and far more difficult to discover. Pearls are not found on the surface; one must dive deep down on ocean bed toilsomely searching. So it was with Tchekov. He dived deep into the bed of humanity and brought up pearls. Tchekov was a very human personality. We must insist on this for a proper and reasonable understanding of the man and his character. He was spiritually more akin perhaps to Burns than to Heine. He was not at all like Maupassant, whom he resembles only in the concrete manner in which he built up his short stories. It was this poignant cry forever on his lips that makes the appeal of Tchekov as human as that of Burns in his poetry and as that of Heine in his prose. The human appeal of Tchekov cannot be too greatly emphasized. It was the keynote of his life, his message to mankind. 'Love one another' might have been his motto.

These new letters not only provide us with much mental food; they shed a new and valuable light on Tchekov's character and ideals. They lead us bit by bit along the difficult road traversed by Tchekov in his lifetime, from its quiet and humble beginnings, not quite to its tragic and triumphant end, but midway to that point in his career when fame and honors were part of his earthly reward, and he was beginning to be recognized as a force to be reckoned with in the intellectual development of Russia. Although the career of Tchekov was quiet as we know quietness, without the storm and stress of a Goethe or a Byron, we see here very clearly a spirit in revolt against the cultural chaos of Russian life, so apt to kill individuality of thought and expression. Tchekov fought for his artistic ideals in his own way, fought bravely and succeeded, but he preferred the quietude of the study. He shrank from the noise and glare of the arena. The third volume of the letters — the Odyssey of a sick man — told of the crisis that had come to him, spiritual and physical. It described his horror of the social life of Moscow, 'wearing out his nerves,' and his profound distaste for what he calls 'empty social relations.' He was on the verge of a complete breakdown. The only cure was travel — in Tchekov's case always a pathetic pilgrimage. He set out for Siberia, practically covering the whole of that vast continent, a long and difficult journey; his wanderings taking him as far north as Saghalien and as far south as the shores of Asia. The trip restored his shattered nerves, buoyed him up in every way, enriched his imagination. He has described his

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travel experiences in *Saghalien*, written in 1895. Then followed his first visit to Europe, opening up still newer vistas. Now note what happens as soon as he sets foot in Russia. He is no sooner settled in Moscow again than his nerves are on the rack; he is revolted and disgusted. He grumbles fiercely, reminding us curiously of Carlyle in his atrabiliar rages, about people taking advantage of his inner delicacy, 'pulling down the bells of his door,' transforming his study into a 'talking and smoking room.' He more than ever feels the menace of the town. It is too much for his delicate organization. He decides to settle in the country. Just as Carlyle made up his mind to migrate to Craigenputtock, there to suckle his hungry soul on the stocks and stones of the Scotch wilderness, so Tchekov at about the same age and for practically the same reasons decided to lead the simple life on his recently acquired farm in Melikhov. Carlyle was thirty-four when he left London for Scotland; Tchekov was thirty-two when he left Moscow for Melikhov. This was in 1892. The letters commemorate this sequestered period. By this time the fatal illness which clouded his spirit and colored so much of his thoughts had taken a firm hold of him, although there were times when he had spells of health, and he was almost free from the hypochondria of disease. Having bought the badly organized and unattractive property of Melikhov — again the parallel of Carlyle — he is now settled with his family, grateful to have cast off the trammels of the town. An extract from a letter addressed to Suvorin, editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, Tchekov's lifelong friend, describes his new mood:

> What a lot of work we are doing here! Plenty of solitude. Ease and space!

It is not merely the delusive first impressions of an impressionable mind. The long series of letters written from his rural retreat are all in praise of the country life. He is happier, far from the fret of cities and the fear of man; the hated 'social amenities' have not yet come to add gloom to his spirit. Here is a characteristic epistle:

> Life in the country is a little uncomfortable just now. The intolerable season of bad roads has set in. Still, there is something wonderful in nature. The sap is stirring! The poetry and novelty of it all redeem the other discomforts of life. My frame of mind (*nastroyenie*) is restful and contemplative. I have become a sort of animal. I have no regrets of the yesterdays and no expectations of the morrow. Here, all men seem good from a distance. As I watch the gradual approach of the spring, my dearest wish would be that Paradise should be like this in the next world. . . . It's very hot down here. The evenings are delicious. Out in the woods it is splendid. One feels the presence of a divinity. We have reaped the fruits of the earth and sit about idle, and the strange thing about it all is that one does not feel any tedium. There is so much space to breathe. Then there are the sledge drives; nobody comes to bother me with manuscripts and talk, and how many dreams for next spring! All heads swarm with plans. Yes, atavism is a great thing. If our grandfathers had lived in the country their grandchildren could not have lived with impunity in the towns.

Tchekov lived a healthy, active life at Melikhov. He went to bed at a reasonable hour — reasonable when we consider that Russians used not to got to bed at all, but turned night into day — and got up sometimes at cock-crow with the rest of the household. He set to work with a new energy, overcame his repugnance for manual labor, doing all he could to better things at the small farm. These quiet, secluded years were in many ways an idyll in Tchekov's life. He took an interest in the cultivation of flowers and in the planting of trees, for which he had a genuine passion. All this is not only shown in his letters, but reflected in his work. One recalls the brilliant mon-

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ologues of Doctor Astrov, the idealist, in *Uncle Vanya*, and the conversations about fruit-trees in blossom in *The Cherry Orchard*.

I am glad I have left town [he writes]. All the poets and novelists should be turned out neck and crop into the country. Town life cannot supply a poor man with rich material in the sense of poetry and art. All these people spend their lives between four walls, and all they see of their fellow creatures is in the offices of a newspaper or in a beer-shop.

While the empty life of Moscow and Petrograd still preyed on his mind like a nightmare, we hear of him paying occasional visits to these cities, where he is again caught up in the maelstrom of social distractions. He is glad to get back to the quiet of the farm and cultivate the country muse. Not that the country was always to his liking. It was all a question of mood and health with Tchekov. He had all the whims of the invalid, all the frets of the artist. He complains of the excessive solitude and the lack of friends; and then with the approach of summer and his house full of people he sets his teeth and murmurs against the incursions of the loathed 'visitors.' It is the comedy of Moscow over again:

To-day I have been walking in the fields covered with snow. There was not a soul about. I might have been walking in the moon. For selfish people, neurasthenics and the like, a solitary life is the most comfortable kind of life. Here nothing excites your selfishness. That's one reason why one does not flash lightnings for the sake of a straw. There is also room to love, and one reads a good deal more. The only drawback is that there is no music, no singing, and that it is quite hopeless trying to get you down here. . . . If you only knew how weary I feel . . . bored to extinction! Visitors, visitors, and again visitors! Of course, it's delightful to be hospitable, but there is a limit to everything. It was from visitors that I fled from Moscow!

This is the recurrent note, quite like a man of Tchekov's delicate temperament, hinting of disease and disillusion. That mood is light and passing compared to the significance of the dark confession made shortly after he had removed to Melikhov:

I have grown old in body and in spirit and quite callously indifferent to everything in the world. I rise and go to bed with the peculiar feeling that I have drained every drop of interest from life. This is either what the newspapers call 'overwork' or else it is that indefinable subconscious mental labor that in the novelist is called 'spiritual revolution.' If it is the latter, then everything is for the best.

This is the real germ of his trouble, this and prevailing ill health. He could not bear the cold. An east wind would shrivel him up like a leaf. In 1894 he took a trip along the Volga with a friend. The intention was to go as far as Zaritzyn, and from thence to proceed to Taganrog, his birthplace. They only got the length of Nijni-Novgorod. The old symptoms took hold of Tchekov. He was stifled by the heat, beaten by the wind, deafened by the noise of the fair. He took up his portmanteau, disgusted, and fled to the station, taking the next train back to Moscow. All this he tells to his friend Suvorin with rather a shamefaced air as soon as he is back at Melikhov. Tchekov read much in his hermitage, and kept a close eye on men and tendencies. He was a shrewd and able critic. His opinions of his epoch and contemporary literature are the acute, impassioned observations of a critic who had by no means divorced himself from intellectual interests in his country exile. One of the most interesting letters in the present volume is that addressed to Suvorin, from which we quote this extract:

Remember that those writers whom we call immortal and who rouse our enthusiasm have one important characteristic common to them all. They seem to hasten somewhere and to call you after them. You

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feel not only with your intellect, but with the whole of your being, that these writers have an aim. They are like the shadow of Hamlet's father. It was not for nothing that it came to haunt Hamlet's imagination. The best of these writers are realists. They describe life as they see it and as it is, and because every line is saturated with sap and the consciousness of an aim you feel that it is not only life as it is, but life as it should be, and this is just what charms and captivates us.

Besides being the critic of his epoch and current tendencies, Tchekov did not stop at self-criticism. When he threw over the old ideals he was the first to reprobate the realism of his day, although he had excelled in it! He was reproached with being a realist, for a lack of idealism. This criticism, just as it is, applies more to Tchekov's earlier work; in his later writings his sympathies lay quite in the other direction. He was fully aware of the truth of this, as is shown in the following letter:

We moderns describe life as it is. We do not go a step farther. We have no aim in our art. You can literally throw a ball through our souls. We have no politics. We do not believe in revolution. We do not believe in a God. We are not afraid of ghosts! Personally, I fear neither death nor blindness. He who fears nothing, who hopes for nothing, and who desires nothing cannot possibly be an artist. I do not know what will become of us ten or twenty years hence. Perhaps circumstances will change. At the present moment it would be rash to expect anything great from us, nothing except all the talents! We write mechanically according to old-established use and wont, just as we would serve a trade.

Rural retirement, country walks, idleness, and contemplation were not enough for a man of Tchekov's consuming energies. He is quick to note the changes in himself. He begins to find that the life of a recluse has its disadvantages. He observes that a writer cannot divorce himself from real life, that 'by living locked up in the shell of egoism and only participating indirectly in the general evolution of thought one is apt to talk a lot of nonsense.' The country life had bred in him a state of being called by the Russians *khokhlatzky*, a word derived from *khokkhol*, the nickname given to the Little Russian, and generally used in Russia as a synonym for a state of permanent sloth. We know something of Tchekov's energy from the practical work he did as a country doctor when the cholera scourged the countryside soon after he came to live in Melikhov. This was enough to rouse him from that contemplative nostalgia, on the brink of which he was then hovering. The work not only enlisted his active sympathies; it was a work after his own heart. The humanitarian rose above the dreamer. He could minister to the bodily needs of men no less than to their spiritual hunger. He was a doctor as well as a playwright; indeed, it was the profession he loved best. He has always given a high place to the medical profession in his plays and stories. His doctors are all drawn with a rare insight and understanding. He promptly obeyed the call of country doctor for a district covering no less than twenty-five villages. The work he did was a splendid tribute to his skill and sympathy. He got up subscriptions for the building of cholera stations; gave lectures on the disease; took the chair at the sanitary councils; visited the sick and dying. It is said that he treated as many as a thousand stricken people during the first six months when the plague was at its worst. His energy did not stop there. Not content with this, he became a member of various town councils, erected schools, and took an active part in the census. His next phase was to inaugurate a 'novelists' dinner' fund, and he took a keen interest in the welfare of the medical journal *Surgical Annals*. There seemed, indeed, to be no end to his tireless ac-

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tivity. In all this we detect the influence of Tolstoy, whose altruistic philosophy dominated his mind till the end of his life. Tchekov went about all this varied and arduous work with the zeal and conviction of an Evangel. The simple life had ceased to satisfy his hunger for activity. He was now enlisted in the rank and file of progress, with 'Reason and Justice' for its motto. He had become that rare and precious thing: a practical idealist. He says at this period that 'there is more love for mankind in electricity and steam than in chastity and abstention from meat.' Naturally, this new phase of his development seriously interfered with his literary work. He found it difficult to write, impossible to concentrate his thoughts. He says he cannot be a member of the Zemstvo and a *littérateur* as well. The letters of this period reflect his mood. They are sprinkled with remarks like, 'I was not in the mood for writing, and, besides, medicine interfered.' He speaks of medicine as his 'legal wife.' Literature is merely his 'mistress.' In the summer of 1893, replying to the expostulations of his friends, he writes saying that he will give up medicine in the autumn, but all sorts of things came in the way to divert him from his true business in life. One seems to discover here a serious flaw in Tchekov's character — not only a lack of balance and restraint, but the lack of a real, steadfast aim. He did not see life steadily, nor did he see it whole. He rose and fell like a leaf on the crest of a wave swept by every current. Tchekov, the most self-disparaging of men, was keenly conscious of this flaw in his character, just as conscious as he was of his literary shortcomings. The penetrative self-analysis of the psychologist never forsook him; he probed deeply his own soul; but the mere knowledge of this weakness did nothing to strengthen these defects. 'One must have an aim in life,' he sighs plaintively. He was pathetically conscious of this lack of aim. It made him irritable and acrimonious. His letters are distempered with this pessimistic strain. Occasionally a note of sarcasm creeps in. Literature had become a 'loathsome toil.' For a time he writhes in these spiritual throes of his own making, chewing the bitter cud of reflection. Then suddenly all this is changed. Some new social scheme captures his imagination. He is led away, a happy captive, farther and farther from his real sphere of work. The years were few before him, and he ought rather to have been harboring his strength for those more precious efforts, his plays and stories, the handful of pearls he was to leave to a posterity already impoverished by this frittering away of those short, golden hopes. We ought not perhaps to speak so feelingly about this phase of Tchekov's perverted activities, but we cannot help the thought that much was lost to us by these excursions into alien fields. We ought rather to be pleased that when Tchekov's fancy was caught by some new social bauble it marked an improvement in his spirit. Still, it was an improvement of a doubtful value. His spirits rose, but his health sank. His spirits always rose wonderfully when he forsook literature for something else! He is no longer the valetudinary, but a man seemingly restored to health. We are told that fits of boisterous merriment would give place to a sane, healthy humor. If his health sank under the strain, on the other hand, his mind was strengthened by these new impressions, and he was brought into active contact with a number of people and new interests, thus keeping him from that morbid indolence so fatal, once he had succumbed to it, to his health and spirits. He had now fallen completely under the spell of

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Tolstoy, whose precepts he valued, although in many ways he differed fundamentally from the 'master.' He begins to get enthusiastic about the 'people'; even the *intelligentsia* kindles a warm glow in his heart when he sees their heroic work during the time of the cholera:

What a splendid people one finds in the Nijni-Novgorod Government [he writes]. The moujiks are strong and vigorous, one better than the other. The *intelligentsia* work with great zeal, with a complete disregard either for themselves or for their money.

Tchekov, in common with many writers of original talent, had stood proudly aloof in the earlier years of his career from the accepted schools and tendencies. He was a free-lance fighting under his own banner, taking a naïve delight in emphasizing the fact that he did not belong to any of the contemporary schools. As his mind grew his point of view changed. He became less isolated, more utilitarian in his ideals. He had by this time formed a great friendship with Suvorin, editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, to whom, out of the three hundred and sixty-eight letters making the present volume, he wrote no less than a hundred. Some of these letters are the most interesting and valuable in the collection. He took Suvorin completely into his confidence, to whom he poured out the tale of his sorrows and disappointments, his hopes and fears. The whole gamut of life and letters is struck in these letters to his friend, and yet Tchekov never placed Suvorin on a pedestal. He frankly criticized his policy, disagreed with him in many things, but to the give-and-take of criticism was an exhilaration. Tchekov often expresses himself with refreshing frankness:

In your liberal ideas you always succeed [he writes] but when you use conservative expressions like 'the foot of the throne,' you remind me of a huge bell with a crack in it, sounding falsely.

Again:

Your letter about Baranov is excellent, but I do not like the end of it: 'Love one another.' How can you talk of love after lashing people on the cheek with a whip? No, divine words do not suit your pen.

Tchekov, most humane of men, had an intense dislike of all forms of cruelty, and he does not spare his friends when they use the 'knout' instead of the pen. In criticism it must be remembered that Russia stands where England stood in the early nineteenth century, when *Blackwood's*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Edinburgh Review* were the dread Cerberus that stood and barked at the gates of letters. Russian criticism horrified the kindly spirit of Tchekov with its cruelty, its pettiness, its love of dragging in the dust even the fairest reputation; its crudity and lack of delicacy. He is stirred to write:

I am not a journalist. I have an almost physical horror of abuse. I use the word 'physical' with deliberation; for after reading Protopov, Burenin, and the rest of the judges of mankind, there is always left a taste of rust in my mouth, and my day is always spoiled. It hurts me. . . . It is not criticism. It is not even a point of view. It's simply hatred, an animal, insatiable spite.

Such a passage throws a beautiful light on the broad, sincere humanity of Tchekov. Tchekov had two pet aversions: moralists and theorists — what we would call 'cranks.' We find many gentle moralizings on this and other things in his letters:

Most things in this world one must experience one's self. One must have a truthful idea of sin, and, therefore, of suffering, to be able to analyze the various phenomena of human life. Often those things we look upon as sin are not a product of evil force at all, but the result of disease. It is not the business of the artist to flagellate men because they are ill. No matter how repulsive their disease may be, they always need

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kind and careful nursing. The writer must be a humanist to the very tips of his fingers. But the humanness of the artist has nothing whatever to do with the amorality of the biologist. If a chemist or a biologist tells you that there is nothing impure in nature, and that everything that exists is indispensable, this, of course, is the point of view of the naturalist.

According to Tchekov, the point of view of the naturalist does not fit the artist. The moral law is higher than the biological law, and writers like Zola, who in works like *Doctor Pascal* probes the sexually-perverted inclinations of mankind and idealizes them as something beautiful, leave us with a deep sense of dissatisfaction.

> That Clothilde liked to sleep with Pascal . . . there is nothing surprising in that. As far as humanity is concerned, it might even be a very good thing, but a great writer and thinker has no right to rejoice over it.

Tchekov as a critic is always stimulating, occasionally even exasperating, as when he writes to Suvorin:

> Tell me in all sincerity which of our contemporary writers has given a drop of genuine blood to the world? Korolenko, Nadson, and the rest of our modern dramatists, what are they but milk and water? Repin and Shiskin's pictures do not really turn our heads. They are pretty and skillful. One admires them, but they never make you forget that you want your smoke!

This, of course, is not so much criticism as the sick grumble of an invalid to whom even the sunshine was sometimes a weariness. The shadow of persistent ill health darkened all his immediate thoughts as thrown off in his letters. Occasionally the cry is a very poignant one, wrung from the very depths of his sick soul:

> My soul wants to expand [he writes]. But I am compelled to lead a narrow life centred in rubles and kopecks. Could anything be more trivial than this middle-class existence with its money-grabbing interests, its absurd conversations, and its conventional virtues of no use to anyone? My soul pines within me when I know that I am working merely for the sake of money and that money is the very centre of my activity. This painful feeling makes the whole of authorship a contemptible thing in my eyes. I have no respect whatever for what I write. I am pithless and tedious. My only solace is medicine, which, well or ill, I am not doing for the sake of money. I ought really to take a sulphuric acid bath, strip off my skin, and then grow over with an entirely new wool!

The discontent centred in disease! Tchekov's attitude toward the fatal illness has a *macabre* interest. He writes calmly, even bravely, reminding us of Keats:

> The enemy that slays our body, steals on us imperceptibly, as if wearing a mask. If, for instance, you are a victim of consumption, you never really think it is consumption, but a trifle of no importance. Nature, the great consoler, when killing us, deceives us most artfully, as a nurse deceives a child when carrying it away from the drawing-room to bed. I know that I shall die of an illness I do not dread. . . . Suvorin talks about my consumption, that blood gushes from my throat. Of course, this is all nonsense. It is not in my power to put an end to their absurd talk. I cannot possibly send them a medical certificate. Let them bark. They will soon be quiet.

Though Tchekov's views on art and culture differed radically from those of Tolstoy, he visits the great thinker at Yasnaya Polyana in 1895, and falls under his spell. He also follows the careers of writers like Ibsen, Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, and the Russian decadents. These influences are reflected in *The Sea Gulls* produced in Petrograd in 1896. With this the present volume ends. The letters still to be published will cover the period of his enthusiasm for the theatre, and of his dramatic triumphs.

Tchekov was one of the most interesting men of his era. We have dwelt on his humanity. It is a note that strikes one on every page of his letters. He was not only a wise and generous critic of the men and literature of his

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time, but one of those self-flagellating spirits who was the first to see and amend his own artistic failings. A great, warm sincerity breathes from the book. He shrank from all that was insincere and ugly and banal in art and life, and, although incapable of that naïve optimism that slurs over defects and follies, the extreme kindness of his heart and the sweetness of his disposition took the sting from his pronouncements. He was a judge rather than a critic; above all, a great artist.

The Fortnightly Review

THE URGENT QUESTION OF THE BRITISH THEATRE

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES

I HAVE been looking for some action, or at least for some further discussion, to develop from the recent searching and thoughtful articles by your Dramatic Critic on the *Reconstruction of the Theatre*. That the staple of our evening amusements for some years past has been nothing short of a national disgrace, is allowed by every Englishman who is capable of serious thought on the matter. The Germans took them as a measure of our degeneracy and jeered at us. The French, with equal reason and more politeness, have merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled. M. Adolphe Brisson in *Le Temps* has recently commented on the 'puerility' of the English plays he has seen and of 'their want of relationship to real life.' He wonders how 'such childish stuff — pantomime or sickly sentimental — can please the public of London and New York.'

Surely the question demands urgent consideration for it is one of great social importance in itself and of greater importance in its implications. Again and again, before the war, I pointed out that our growing inability to think seriously and rationally in the theatre was the correlative of our inability to think seriously and rationally about our greater concerns — our national defenses, our national industries, our national religion. Again and again, I affirmed that the type of entertainment most favored, alike by our popular and fashionable audiences, was a symptom of national aberration and a reckless invocation to approaching calamity.

Your Dramatic Critic has thoroughly probed and exposed the present degraded condition of the English theatre. He has done more, he has brought forward a detailed and workable scheme for its reconstruction and regeneration.

He has spoken very frankly of the futilities and absurdities of the Lord Chamberlain's office in dealing with plays. Its mischievous inefficiencies and caprices, its inherent impotence, either for the repression of what is evil in the theatre or for the encouragement of what is good, have long been startlingly apparent. Its cynical appointment of the late Mr. Charles Brookfield as Licensor of plays, and its continued prohibition of Sophocles, Ibsen, Maeter-

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linck, Brieux, and other serious dramatists of the first rank, may stand among its many other whimsical proceedings, as evidence of its radical incompetence to act as the guardian of British morality on the stage. Indeed, Mr. Archibald Spofforth has lately declared that in the absence of high comedy from our boards, the Lord Chamberlain's licensing of plays furnishes a welcome compensation to those who have followed the performances of his office.

At the time of the Censorship Committee I explored the question thoroughly in my letter to the chairman, Mr. Herbert Samuel (Foundations of a National Drama). No attempt has been made to answer my arguments, and the system remains in spite of the findings of Mr. Samuel's Committee. Your Dramatic Critic is of opinion that it is necessary to license plays before production, and would hand over the business to the new department which he proposes to establish. There is something to be said for his view. I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the plan I proposed in my letter to Mr. Herbert Samuel offers the best solution of the many difficulties of the question. We are fortunate just now in having two very able and judicious men as Licensors of plays. But in their present position they were quite unable to deal with the orgy of licentiousness that burst out in our theatres at the beginning of the war. I believe that if Mr. Bendall and Mr. Street were appointed to control the theatres and music halls of the Kingdom and were given large and plenary powers to prosecute any indecent or politically offensive play or entertainment *after production* — I believe that they, if they were so instructed, would be supported by public opinion, and that one such prosecution, vigorously pursued, would do more to purge our stage of cunning indecency than all the Licensors that have ever been appointed. But I allow that the matter bristles with difficulties, and will never be free from periodic liability to cause scandal.

Your Dramatic Critic has very courageously attacked the present system of speculative management, which has so much to do with the absence of serious comedy and drama from our stage. Theatrical management is first of all a business, and the manager is rightly and primarily concerned to make his theatre pay. But the later developments of speculating managements, wholly concerned to make huge profits, may well cause your Critic concern and alarm, for they threaten more and more to degrade and vulgarize our stage; while the rich man who 'keeps' a theatre as he would keep a racing stud or a yacht, and does n't care how much money he loses, is a public enemy and corrupter, and calls loudly for your Critic's new authority to uproot him from our theatres.

Again, in his defense of the appearance of children on the stage, under proper safeguards, your Critic has done a real service to the drama, and also to the children themselves. The new Education Act, among many other questionable and mischievous provisions, still further restricts the employment of children on the stage — indeed, virtually forbids it. Some months ago, before his Bill had passed, I urged the Minister of Education to delete or revise the clause which prohibits the performance of five of Shakespeare's most popular plays — *Macbeth*, *The Winter's Tale*, *King John*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The same clause tends greatly to the discouragement of Shakespeare on our stage, inasmuch as it prevents children, with a natural gift for acting, from getting that early practice in their craft which has given us so many of the

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great Shakespearean actors of the past. It also strikes a very damaging blow at modern serious comedy and drama. I have dealt with this matter very thoroughly in my forthcoming volume, *Patriotism and Popular Education*, which is addressed to the Minister of Education. I hope that, in the interests of the children themselves, as well as of Shakespeare and the modern drama, he may be induced to reconsider his edict. The question is not one that should be decided from the point of view of Trade Unionism or of bigotry against the theatre.

Your Critic has said an excellent word or two on the National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. I was among the first and strongest supporters of the movement for a National Theatre. At that time the taste of playgoers seemed to be advancing, and there was some hope that, with a little judicious fostering at first, a National Theatre might be raised and brought to a prosperous financial condition. There is no such possibility to-day. I still hope that, after many years of well-directed preparation and organization by those who understand the complicated business of theatrical management, and who also recognize that the English drama is the most difficult form of English literature — I still hope that at some future time England may have a National Theatre, worked something on the lines of the Théâtre-Français.

But that future will not be at any early or discernible date. We have a standing warning before us in the complete failure of the American National Theatre. Nothing but some such ridiculous fiasco awaits any attempt to build an English National Theatre in the present condition of the public taste, and without an inside knowledge of the business of theatrical management, of the business side of acting, of the business side of writing plays.

Meantime, Shakespeare is again getting a foot upon our stage. There is, indeed, some sign that he may be submitted to the indignity of a 'boom.' This will be the worst thing that could happen for the English theatre; for we have not a sufficient number of actors and actresses trained to deliver Shakespearean verse in such a way that it will get home to the great body of playgoers, nor have we a sufficient number of playgoers trained to understand and appreciate him on an intellectual level, and apart from adventitious aids.

Unless Shakespeare is greatly acted by an all-round company trained to deliver verse, the public will soon tire of him, and after a little 'boom' he will be again forced into inglorious retirement. Much of the pleasure of a Shakespearean performance is denied to those who do not already know his finest passages and understand their import.

He has spoken of the Reconstruction of the English *Theatre*. He has said little of that allied but often antagonistic institution — the English *drama*. Before we can get any great improvement in the English theatre a new spirit must be awakened in the English drama. I hope, as soon as I can find leisure, to put the whole matter before the public from the inside point of view of the author.

Pending a thorough inquiry into the whole matter and the establishment of some such unified jurisdiction over all our theatres and music halls as your Critic suggests, what fresh developments of polypestiferous neo-tomfoolery will take possession of our national stage as our national way of expressing ourselves in the theatre?

The Morning Post

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SAVONAROLA: AN 'ELIZABETHAN' PLAY

BY MAX BEERBOHM

ACT I

SCENE: *A Room in the Monastery of San Marco, Florence*

Enter the SACRISTAN *and a* FRIAR

SACRISTAN. Savonarola looks more grim to-day
Than ever. Should I speak my mind, I'd say
That he was fashioning some new great scourge
To flay the backs of men.
FRIAR. 'T is even so.
Brother Filippo saw him stand last night
In solitary vigil till the dawn
Leapt o'er the Arno, and his face was such
As men may wear in Purgatory — nay,
Even in the inmost core of Hell's own fires.
SACRISTAN. I often wonder if some woman's face,
Seen at some rout in his old worldling days,
Haunts him e'en here, e'en here, and urges him
To further fury 'gainst the Florentines.
FRIAR. Savonarola love-sick! Ha, ha, ha!
Love-sick? He, love-sick? 'T is a goodly jest!
The confirm'd misogyn a ladies' man!
Thou must have eaten of some strange red herb
That takes the reason captive. I will swear
Savonarola never yet hath seen
A woman but he spurn'd her. Hist! He comes.

[*Enter* SAVONAROLA, *rapt in thought.*]

Give thee good-morrow, Brother.
SACRISTAN. And therewith
A multitude of morrows equal good
Till thou, by Heaven's grace, hast wrought the work
Nearest thine heart.
SAVONAROLA. I thank thee, Brother, yet
I thank thee not, for that my thankfulness
(An such there be) gives thanks to Heaven alone.
FRIAR [*to* SACRISTAN]. 'T is a right answer he hath given thee.
Had Savonarola spoken less than thus,
Methinks me, the less Sav'narola he.
As when the snow lies on yon Apennines,
White as the hem of Mary Mother's robe,

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And insusceptible to the sun's rays,
Being harder to the touch than temper'd steel,
E'en so this great gaunt monk white-visagèd
Upstands to Heaven and to Heav'n devotes
The scarped thoughts that crown the upper slopes
Of his abrupt and austere nature.

SACRISTAN. Aye.

[*Enter* LUCREZIA BORGIA, ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, *and* LEONARDO DA VINCI LUCREZIA *is thickly veiled.*]

FRANCIS. This is the place.

LUCREZIA [*pointing at* SAVONAROLA]. And this the man! [*Aside.*] And I —
By the hot blood that courses i' my veins
I swear it ineluctably — the woman!

SAVONAROLA. Who is this wanton?

[LUCREZIA *throws back her hood, revealing her face.* SAVONAROLA *starts back, gazing at her.*]

FRANCIS. Hush, Sir! 'T is my little sister
The poisoner, right well-belov'd by all
Whom she as yet hath spared. Hither she came
Mounted upon another little sister of mine —
A mare, caparison'd in goodly wise.
She — I refer now to Lucrezia —
Desireth to have word of thee anent
Some matter that befrets her.

SAVONAROLA [*to* LUCREZIA]. Hence! Begone!
Savonarola will not tempted be
By face of woman e'en tho' 't be, tho' 't is,
Surpassing fair. All hope abandon therefore.
I charge thee: *Vade retro*, Satanas.

LEONARDO. Sirrah, thou speakest in haste, as is the way
Of monkish men. The beauty of Lucrezia
Commends, not discommends, her to the eyes
Of keener thinkers than I take thee for.
I am an artist and an engineer,
Giv'n o'er to subtile dreams of what shall be
On this our planet. I foresee a day
When men shall skim the earth i' certain chairs
Not drawn by horses but sped on by oil
Or other matter, and shall thread the sky
Birdlike.

LUCREZIA. It may be as thou sayest, friend,
Or may be not. [*To* SAVONAROLA.] But touching this our errand,
I crave of thee, Sir Monk, an audience
Instanter.

FRIAR. Lo! Here Alighieri comes.
I had methought me he was still at Lucca.

[*Enter* DANTE]

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FRANCIS [*to* DANTE]. How fares my little sister Beatrice?
DANTE. She died, alack, last sennight.
FRANCIS. Did she so?
If the condolences of men avail
Thee aught, take mine.
DANTE. They are of no avail.
SAVONAROLA [*to* LUCREZIA]. I do refuse thee audience.
LUCREZIA. Then why
Didst thou not say so promptly when I ask'd it?
SAVONAROLA. Full well thou knowest that I was interrupted
By Alighieri's entry.

[*Noise without. Enter Guelfs and Ghibellines fighting.*]

What is this?
LUCREZIA. I did not think that in this cloister'd spot
There would be so much doing. I had look'd
To find Savonarola all alone
And tempt him in his uneventful cell.
Instead o' which — spurn'd am I? I am I.
There was a time, Sir, look to 't! O damnation!
What is 't? Anon then! These my toys, my gauds,
That in the cradle — aye, 't my mother's breast —
I puled and lisped at — 't is impossible,
Tho', faith, 't is not so, forasmuch as 't is.
And I a daughter of the Borgias! —
Or so they told me. Liars! Flatterers!
Currying lick-spoons! Where's the Hell of 't then?
'T is time that I were going. Farewell, Monk,
But I'll avenge me ere the sun has sunk.

[*Exeunt* LUCREZIA, ST. FRANCIS, *and* LEONARDO, *followed by* DANTE. SAVONAROLA, *having watched* LUCREZIA *out of sight, sinks to his knees, sobbing.* FRIAR *and* SACRISTAN *watch him in amazement. Guelfs and Ghibellines continue fighting as the Curtain falls.*]

ACT II

Afternoon of same day

SCENE: LUCREZIA'S *Laboratory. Retorts, test-tubes, etc. On small Renaissance table, up* C., *is a great poison bowl, the contents of which are being stirred by the* FIRST APPRENTICE. *The* SECOND APPRENTICE *stands by, watching him.*

SECOND APPRENTICE. For whom is the brew destin'd?
FIRST APPRENTICE. I know not.
Lady Lucrezia did but lay on me
Injunctions as regards the making of 't,
The which I have obey'd. It is compounded
Of a malignant and a deadly weed
Found not save in the Gulf of Spezia;

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And one small phial of 't, I am advis'd,
Were more than 'nough to slay a regiment
Of Messer Malatesta's condottieri
In all their armor.

SECOND APPRENTICE. I can well believe it.
Mark how the purple bubbles froth upon
The evil surface of its nether slime!

[*Enter* LUCREZIA]

LUCREZIA [*to* FIRST APPRENTICE]. Is 't done, Sir Sluggard?

FIRST APPRENTICE. Madam, to a turn.

LUCREZIA. Had it not been so, I with mine own hand
Would have outpour'd it down thy gullet, knave.
See, here's a ring of cunningly-wrought gold
That I, on a dark night, did purchase from
A goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio.
Small was his shop, and hoar of visage he.
I did bemark that from the ceiling's beams
Spiders had spun their webs for many a year,
The which hung erst like swathes of gossamer
Seen in the shadows of a fairy glade,
But now most woefully were weighted o'er
With gather'd dust. Look well now at the ring!
Touch'd here, behold, it opes a cavity
Capacious of three drops of yon fell stuff.
Dost heed? Whoso then puts it on his finger
Dies, and his soul is from his body rapt
To Hell or Heaven as the case may be.
Take thou this toy and pour the three drops in.

[*Hands ring to* FIRST APPRENTICE, *and comes down* C.]

So, Sav'narola, thou shalt learn that I
Utter no threats but I do make them good.
Ere this day's sun hath wester'd from the view
Thou art to preach from out the Loggia
Dei Lanzi to the cits in the Piazza.
I, thy Lucrezia, will be upon the steps
To offer thee with phrases seeming fair
That which shall seal thine eloquence forever.
O mighty lips that held the world in spell
But would not meet these little lips of mine
In the sweet way that lovers use — O thin,
Cold, tight-drawn, bloodless lips, which natheless I
Deem of all lips the most desirable
In this our city —

[*Enter the* BORGIAS' FOOL]

Well, Fool, what's thy latest?

FOOL. Aristotle's or Zeno's, Lady — 't is neither latest nor last. For, marry if the cobbler stuck to his last, then were his latest his last *in rebus ambulantibus*.

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Argal, I stick at nothing but cobblestones, which, by the same token, are stuck to the road by men's fingers.

LUCREZIA. How many crows may nest in a grocer's jerkin?

FOOL. A full dozen at cock-crow, and something less under the dog-star, by reason of the dew, which lies heavy on men taken by scurvy.

LUCREZIA [*to* FIRST APPRENTICE]. Methinks the Fool is a fool.

FOOL. And therefore, by auricular deduction am I own twin to the Lady Lucrezia!

[*Sings*]

When pears hang green on the garden wall
With a nid, and a nod, and a niddy-niddy-o,
Then prank you, lads and lasses all,
With a yea and a nay and a niddy-o.

But when the thrush flies out o' the frost
With a nid, and a nod, and a niddy-niddy-o,
'T is time for loons to count the cost,
With a yea and a nay and a niddy-o.

[*Enter the* PORTER]

PORTER. O my dear Mistress, there is one below
Demanding to have instant word of thee.
I told him that your Ladyship was not
At home. Vain perjury! He would not take
Nay for an answer.

LUCREZIA. Ah? What manner of man
Is he?

PORTER. A personage the like of whom
Is wholly unfamiliar to my gaze.
Cowl'd is he, but I saw his great eyes glare
From their deep sockets in such wise as leopards
Glare from their caverns, couching ere they spring
On their reluctant prey.

LUCREZIA. And what name gave he?

PORTER. Something-arola.

LUCREZIA. Savon —? [PORTER *nods.*] Show him up.

[*Exit* PORTER]

FOOL. If he be right astronomically, Mistress, then is he the greater dunce in respect of true learning, the which goes by the globe. Argal, 't were better he widened his wind-pipe.

[*Sings*]

Fly home, sweet self,
Nothing's for weeping,
Hemp was not made
For lovers' keeping,
Lovers' keeping,
Cheerly, cheerly, fly away.

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Hew no more wood
While ash is glowing,
The longest grass
Is lovers' mowing,
Lovers' mowing,
Cheerly, cheerly, fly away.

[*Reënter* PORTER, *followed by* SAVONAROLA. *Exeunt* PORTER, FOOL, *and* FIRST *and* SECOND APPRENTICES.]

SAVONAROLA. I am no more a monk, I am a man
O' the world.

[*Throws off cowl and frock, and stands forth in the costume of a Renaissance nobleman.* LUCREZIA *looks him up and down.*]

LUCREZIA. Thou cutst a sorry figure.
SAVONAROLA. That
Is neither here nor there. I love you, Madam.
LUCREZIA. And this, methinks, is neither there nor here,
For that my love of thee hath vanishèd,
Seeing thee thus beprankt. Go pad thy calves!
Thus mightst thou, just conceivably, with luck,
Capture the fancy of some serving-wench.
SAVONAROLA. And this is all thou hast to say to me?
LUCREZIA. It is.
SAVONAROLA. I am dismiss'd?
LUCREZIA. Thou art.
SAVONAROLA. 'T is well.

[*Resumes frock and cowl.*]

Savonarola is himself once more.
LUCREZIA. And all my love for him returns to me
A thousandfold!
SAVONAROLA. Too late! My pride of manhood
Is wounded irremediably. I'll
To the Piazza, where my flock awaits me.
Thus do we see that men make great mistakes
But may amend them when the conscience wakes.

[*Exit*]

LUCREZIA. I'm half avengèd now, but only half:
'T is with the ring I'll have the final laugh!
Though love be sweet, revenge is sweeter far.
To the Piazza! Ha, ha, ha, ha, har!

[*Seizes ring, and exit.*
Through open door are heard, as the Curtain falls, sounds of a terrific hubbub in the Piazza.]

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ACT III

SCENE: *The Piazza*

TIME: *A few minutes anterior to close of preceding Act*

The Piazza is filled from end to end with a vast seething crowd that is drawn entirely from the lower orders. There is a sprinkling of wild-eyed and disheveled women in it. The men are lantern-jawed, with several days' growth of beard. Most of them carry rude weapons — staves, bill hooks, crow bars, and the like — and are in as excited a condition as the women. Some of them are bare-headed, others affect a kind of Phrygian cap. Cobblers predominate.

Enter LORENZO DE MEDICI and COSIMO DE MEDICI. *They wear cloaks of scarlet brocade, and, to avoid notice, hold masks to their faces.*

COSIMO. What purpose doth the foul and greasy plebs
Ensue to-day here?
LORENZO. I nor know nor care.
COSIMO. How thrall'd thou art to the philosophy
Of Epicurus! Naught that's human I
Deem alien from myself. [*To a Cobbler.*] Make answer, fellow!
What empty hope hath drawn thee by a thread
Forth from the obscene hovel where thou starvest?
COBBLER. No empty hope, your Honor, but the full
Assurance that to-day, as yesterday,
Savonarola will let loose his thunder
Against the vices of the idle rich
And from his brimming cornucopia
Of his immense vocabulary pour
Scorn on the lamentable heresies
Of the New Learning and on all the art
Later than Giotto.
COSIMO. Mark how absolute
The knave is!
LORENZO. Then are parrots rational
When they regurgitate the thing they hear!
This fool is but an unit of the crowd,
And crowds are senseless as the vasty deep
That sinks or surges as the moon dictates.
I know these crowds, and know that any man
That hath a glib tongue and a rolling eye
Can as he willeth with them.

[*Removes his mask and mounts steps of Loggia.*]

Citizens!

[*Prolonged yells and groans from the crowd.*]

Yes, I am he, I am that same Lorenzo
Whom ye have nicknamed the Magnificent.

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[*Further terrific yells, shakings of fists, brandishings of bill hooks, insistent cries of 'Death to Lorenzo!' 'Down with the Magnificent!' Cobblers on fringe of crowd, down* C., *exhibit especially all the symptoms of epilepsy, whooping cough, and other ailments.*]

You love not me.

[*The crowd makes an ugly rush.* LORENZO *seems likely to be dragged down and torn limb from limb, but raises one hand in the nick of time, and continues:*]

Yet I deserve your love.

[*The yells are now variegated with dubious murmurs. A cobbler down* C. *thrusts his face feverishly in the face of another and repeats, in a hoarse interrogative whisper, 'Deserves our love'?*]

Not for the sundry boons I have bestow'd
And benefactions I have lavishèd
Upon Firenze, City of the Flowers,
But for the love that in this ruggèd breast
I bear you.

[*The yells have now died away, and there is a sharp fall in dubious murmurs. The cobbler down* C. *says, in an ear-piercing whisper, 'The love he bears us,' drops his lower jaw, nods his head repeatedly, and awaits in an intolerable state of suspense the orator's next words.*]

I am not a blameless man,

[*Some dubious murmurs.*]

Yet for that I have lov'd you passing much,
Shall some things be forgiven me.

[*Noises of cordial assent.*]

There dwells
In this our city, known unto you all,
A man more virtuous than I am, and
A thousand times more intellectual;
Yet envy not I him, for — shall I name him?
He loves not you. His name? I will not cut
Your hearts by speaking it. Here let it stay
On tip o' tongue.

[*Insistent clamor.*]

Then steel you to the shock! —

Savonarola.

[*For a moment or so the crowd reels silently under the shock. Cobbler down* C. *is the first to recover himself and cry 'Death to Savonarola!' The cry instantly becomes general.* LORENZO *holds up his hand and gradually imposes silence.*]

His twin bugbears are
Yourselves and that New Learning which I hold
Less dear than only you.

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[*Profound sensation. Everybody whispers 'Than only you' to everybody else. A woman near steps of Loggia attempts to kiss hem of* LORENZO'S *garment.*]

Would you but con
With me the old philosophers of Hellas,
Her fervent bards and calm historians,
You would arise and say, 'We will not hear
Another word against them!'

[*The crowd already says this, repeatedly, with great emphasis.*]

Take the Dialogues
Of Plato, for example. You will find
A spirit far more truly Christian
In them than in the ravings of the so-call'd
Savonarola.

[*Prolonged cries of 'Death to the so-called Savonarola!' Several cobblers detach themselves from the crowd and rush away to read the Platonic Dialogues.*

Enter SAVONAROLA. *The crowd, as he makes his way through it, gives up all further control of its feelings, and makes a noise for which even the best zoölogists might not find a good comparison. The staves and bill-hooks wave like twigs in a storm. One would say that* SAVONAROLA *must have died a thousand deaths already. He is, however, unharmed and unruffled as he reaches the upper step of the Loggia.* LORENZO *meanwhile has rejoined* COSIMO *in the Piazza.*]

SAVONAROLA. Pax vobiscum, brothers!

[*This does but exacerbate the crowd's frenzy.*]

VOICE OF A COBBLER. Hear his false lips cry Peace when there is no Peace!
SAVONAROLA. Are not you ashamed, O Florentines,

[*Renewed yells, but also some symptoms of manly shame.*]

That hearken'd to Lorenzo and now reel
Inebriate with the exuberance
Of his verbosity?

[*The crowd makes an obvious effort to pull itself together.*]

A man can fool
Some of the people all the time, and can
Fool all the people sometimes, but he cannot
Fool all the people all the time.

[*Loud cheers and laughter. Several cobblers dig one another in the ribs. Cries of 'Death to Lorenzo!' The meeting is now well in hand.*]

To-day
I must ask leave to interrupt my series
Of sermons upon certain tendencies
At present noticeable in this city.

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I do so with reluctance. Hitherto
I have avoided personalities.
But now my sense of duty forces me
To a departure from my custom of
Naming no names. One name I must and shall
Name.

[*All eyes are turned on* LORENZO, *who smiles uncomfortably.*]

No I do not mean Lorenzo. He
Is 'neath contempt.

[*Loud and prolonged laughter, accompanied with hideous grimaces at* LORENZO. *Exeunt* LORENZO *and* COSIMO.]

I name a woman's name,

[*The women in the crowd eye one another suspiciously.*]

A name known to you all — four syllablèd,
Beginning with an L.

[*Pause. Enter hurriedly* LUCREZIA, *carrying the ring. She stands, unobserved by anyone, on outskirt of crowd.*]

Lucrezia!

LUCREZIA [*with equal intensity*]. Savonarola!

[SAVONAROLA *starts violently and stares in direction of her voice.*]

Yes, I come, I come!

[*Forces her way to steps of Loggia. The crowd is much bewildered, and the cries of 'Death to Lucrezia Borgia!' are few and sporadic.*]

Why didst thou call me?

[SAVONAROLA *looks somewhat embarrassed.*]

What is thy distress?
I see it all! The sanguinary mob
Clusters to rend thee! As the antler'd stag,
With fine eyes glazèd from the too-long chase,
Turns to defy the foam-fleck'd pack, and thinks,
In his last moment, of some graceful hind
Seen once afar upon a mountain top;
E'en so, Savonarola, didst thou think,
In thy most dire extremity, of me.
And here I am! Courage! The horrid hounds
Droop tail at sight of me and fawn away
Innocuous.

[*The crowd does indeed seem to have fallen completely under the sway of* LUCREZIA'S *magnetism, and is evidently convinced that it had been about to make an end of the monk.*]

Take thou, and wear henceforth,
As a sure talisman 'gainst future perils,
This little, little ring.

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[SAVONAROLA *makes awkward gesture of refusal. Angry murmurs from crowd. Cries of 'Take thou the ring!' 'Churl!' 'Put it on!' etc.*

Enter the BORGIAS' FOOL *and stands unnoticed on fringe of crowd.*]

I hoped you 'd like it —
Neat but not gaudy. Is my taste at fault?
I'd so look'd forward to — [*Sob.*] No, I'm not crying,
But just a little hurt.

[*Hardly a dry eye in the crowd. Also swayings and snarlings indicative that* SAVONAROLA'S *life is again not worth a moment's purchase.* SAVONAROLA *makes an awkward gesture of acceptance, but just as he is about to put ring on finger, the* FOOL *touches his lute and sings:*]

Wear not the ring,
It hath an unkind sting,
Ding, dong, ding.
Bide a minute,
There's poison in it,
Poison in it,
Ding-a-dong, dong, ding.

LUCREZIA. The fellow lies.

[*The crowd is torn with conflicting opinions. Mingled cries of 'Wear not the ring!' 'The fellow lies!' 'Bide a minute!' 'Death to the Fool!' 'Silence for the Fool!' 'Ding-a-dong, dong, ding!' etc.*]

FOOL [*sings*]. Wear not the ring,
For Death's a robber-king,
Ding, etc.
There's no trinket,
Is what you think it,
What you think it,
Ding-a-dong, etc.

[SAVONAROLA *throws ring in* LUCREZIA'S *face. Enter* POPE JULIUS II, *with Papal army.*]

POPE. Arrest that man and woman!

[*Reënter Guelfs and Ghibellines fighting.* SAVONAROLA *and* LUCREZIA *are arrested by Papal officers. Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO. ANDREA DEL SARTO *appears for a moment at a window.* PIPPA *passes. Brothers of the Misericordia go by, singing a Requiem for* FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. *Enter* BOCCACCIO, BENVENUTO CELLINI, *and many others, making remarks highly characteristic of themselves, but scarcely audible through the terrific thunderstorm which now bursts over Florence and is at its loudest and darkest crisis as the Curtain falls.*]

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ACT IV

TIME: *Three hours later.*

SCENE: *A Dungeon on the ground floor of the Palazzo Civico.*

The stage is bisected from top to bottom by a wall, on one side of which is seen the interior of LUCREZIA'S *cell, and on the other that of* SAVONAROLA.

Neither he nor she knows that the other is in the next cell. The audience, however, knows this.

Each cell (because of the width and height of the proscenium) is of more than the average Florentine size, but is bare even to the point of severity, its sole amenities being some straw, a hunk of bread, and a stone pitcher. The door of each is facing the audience. Diminish light.

LUCREZIA *wears long and clanking chains on her wrist, as does also* SAVONAROLA. *Imprisonment has left its mark on each of them.* SAVONAROLA'S *hair has turned white. His whole aspect is that of a very old, old man.* LUCREZIA *looks no older than before, but has gone mad.*

SAVONAROLA. Alas, how long ago this morning seems
This evening! A thousand thousand æons
Are scarce the measure of the gulf betwixt
My then and now. Methinks I must have been
Here since the dim creation of the world
And never in that interval have seen
The trembling hawthorn burgeon in the brake
Nor heard the hum o' bees, nor woven chains
Of buttercups on Mount Fiesole
What time the sap leapt in the cypresses,
Imbuing with the friskfulness of Spring
Those melancholy trees. I do forget
The aspect of the sun. Yet I was born
A freeman, and the Saints of Heaven smiled
Down on my crib. What would my sire have said,
And what my dam, had anybody told them
The time would come when I should occupy
A felon's cell? O the disgrace of it! —
The scandal, the incredible come-down!
It masters me. I see i' my mind's eye
The public prints — 'Sharp Sentence on a Monk.'
What then? I thought I was of sterner stuff
Than is affrighted by what people think.
Yet thought I so because 't was thought of me,
And so 't was thought of me because I had
A hawk-like profile and a baleful eye.
Lo! my soul's chin recedes, soft to the touch
As half-churn'd butter. Seeming hawk is dove,
And dove's a jail-bird now. Fie out upon 't!

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LUCREZIA. How comes it? I am Empress Dowager
Of China — yet was never crown'd. This must
Be seen to.

[*Quickly gathers some straw and weaves a crown, which she puts on.*]

SAVONAROLA. O, what a degringolade!
The great career I had mapp'd out for me —
Nipp'd i' the bud. What life, when I come out,
Awaits me? Why, the very Novices
And callow Postulants will draw aside
As I pass by, and say 'That man hath done
Time!' And yet shall I wince? The worst of Time
Is not in having done it, but in doing 't.

LUCREZIA. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Eleven billion pig-tails
Do tremble at my nod imperial,—
The which is as it should be.

SAVONAROLA. I have heard
That jailers oft are willing to carouse
With them they watch o'er, and do sink at last
Into a drunken sleep, and then's the time
To snatch the keys and make a bid for freedom.
Jailer! Ho, Jailer!

[*Sounds of lock being turned and bolts withdrawn. Enter the* BORGIAS' FOOL, *in plain clothes, carrying bunch of keys.*]

I have seen thy face
Before.

FOOL. I saved thy life this afternoon, Sir.

SAVONAROLA. Thou art the Borgias' Fool?

FOOL Say rather, was,
Unfortunately I have been discharg'd
For my betrayal of Lucrezia,
So that I have to speak like other men —
Decasyllabically, and with sense.
An hour ago the jailer of this dungeon
Died of an apoplexy. Hearing which,
I ask'd for and obtain'd his billet.

SAVONAROLA Fetch
A stoup o' liquor for thyself and me.

[*Exit* JAILER]

Freedom! there's nothing that thy votaries
Grudge in the cause of thee. That decent man
Is doom'd by me to lose his place again
To-morrow morning when he wakes from out
His hoggish slumber. Yet I care not.

[*Reënter* JAILER *with a leathern bottle and two glasses.*]

Ho!
This is the stuff to warm our vitals, this
The panacea for all mortal ills

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And sure elixir of eternal youth,
Drink, bonniman!

[JAILER *drains a glass and shows signs of instant intoxication.* SAVONAROLA *claps him on shoulder and replenishes glass.* JAILER *drinks again, lies down on floor, and snores.* SAVONAROLA *snatches the bunch of keys, laughs long but silently, and creeps out on tip-toe, leaving door ajar.*

LUCREZIA *meanwhile has lain down on the straw in her cell, and fallen asleep.*

Noise of bolts being shot back, jangling of keys, grating of lock, and the door of LUCREZIA'S *cell flies open.* SAVONAROLA *takes two steps across the threshold, his arms outstretched and his upturned face transfigured with a great joy.*]

How sweet the open air
Leaps to my nostrils! O the good brown earth
That yields once more to my elastic tread
And laves these feet with its remember'd dew!

[*Takes a few more steps, still looking upward.*]

Free! — I am free! O naked arc of heaven,
Enspangled with innumerable — no,
Stars are not there. Yet neither are there clouds!
The thing looks like a ceiling! [*Gazes downward.*] And this thing
Looks like a floor. [*Gazes around.*] And that white bundle yonder
Looks curiously like Lucrezia.

[LUCREZIA *awakes at the sound of her name, and sits up sane.*]

There must be some mistake.

LUCREZIA. [*Rises to her feet.*] There is indeed!
A pretty sort of prison I have come to,
In which a self-respecting lady's cell
Is treated as a lounge!

SAVONAROLA. I had no notion
You were in here. I thought I was out there.
I will explain — but first I'll make amends.
Here are the keys by which your durance ends.
The gate is somewhere in this corridor,
And so good-bye to this interior!

[*Exeunt* SAVONAROLA *and* LUCREZIA. *Noise, a moment later, of a key grating in a lock, then of gate creaking on its hinges; triumphant laughs of fugitives; loud slamming of gate behind them.*

In SAVONAROLA'S *cell the* JAILER *starts in his sleep, turns his face to the wall, and snores more than ever deeply. Through open door comes a cloaked figure.*]

CLOAKED FIGURE. Sleep on, Savonarola, and awake
Not in this dungeon but in ruby Hell!

[*Stabs* JAILER, *whose snores cease abruptly.*

Enter POPE JULIUS II *with Papal retinue carrying torches.* MURDERER *steps quickly back into shadow.*]

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POPE [*to body of* JAILER]. Savonarola, I am come to taunt
Thee in thy misery and dire abjection.
Rise, Sir, and hear me out.
MURDERER. Great Julius,
Waste not thy breath. Savonarola's dead.
I murder'd him.
POPE Thou hadst no right to do so.
Who art thou, pray?
MURDERER. Cesare Borgia,
Lucrezia's brother, and I claim a brother's
Right to assassinate whatever man
Shall wantonly and in cold blood reject
Her timid offer of a poison'd ring.
POPE. Of this anon.

[*Stands over body of* JAILER.]

Our present business
Is general woe. No nobler corse hath ever
Impress'd the ground. O let the trumpets speak it!

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

This was the noblest of the Florentines.
His character was flawless, and the world
Held not his parallel. O bear him hence
With all such honors as our State can offer.
As doth befit so militant a nature.
Prepare these obsequies.

[*Papal officers lift body of* JAILER.]

A PAPAL OFFICER. But this is not
Savonarola. It is someone else.
CESARE. Lo! 't is none other than the Fool that I
Hoof'd from my household but two hours agone.
I deem'd him no good riddance, for he had
The knack of setting tables on a roar.
What shadows we pursue! Good-night, sweet Fool,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
POPE. Interrèd shall he be with signal pomp.
No honor is too great that we can pay him.
He leaves the world a vacuum. Meanwhile,
Go we in chase of the accursèd villain
That hath made escapado from this cell.
To horse! Away! We'll scour the country round
For Sav'narola till we hold him bound.
Then shall you see a cinder, not a man,
Beneath the lightnings of the Vatican!

[*Flourish, alarums and excursions, flashes of Vatican lightning, roll of drums, etc. Through open door of cell is led in a large milk-white horse, which the* POPE *mounts as the Curtain falls.*]

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ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE 'GHOST'

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE J. M. ROBERTSON

Two years before the war, M. Celestin Demblon, Belgian Deputé, and Professor of the History of French Literature in the Université Nouvelle of Brussels, published a work entitled *Lord Rutland est Shakespeare*, with the rubric: *Le plus grand des Mystères dévoilé. Shaxper de Stratford hors cause.* And now comes a book from Professor Abel Lefranc, of the Collège de France, with the engaging title, *Sous le Masque de 'William Shakespeare,' William Stanley, VIe Comte de Derby*, dedicated to the present Lord Derby in an imposing inscription — preceded by a very sad one to the author's dead son, killed in the war.

Another Richmond is in the field, and the chances are that more are on the way. But let us not charge our Allies with unwarrantable intrusion in this field. To say nothing of our Baconians, that goodly tribe, have we not our allegorists, who prove that Hamlet is Progress and Ophelia the Church, and that *King Lear* is an allegory of the Reformation? On such theses has been spent labor enough to compile a Shakespeare Cyclopædia, and Professor Lefranc is far from being the least diligent prospector. He has, indeed, done so much real research, of various kinds, that it might seem improper to rank him with the Sisyphi of interpretation. He has produced four *ouvrages couronnés* in French literature, is an expert in Rabelais, has edited a number of sixteenth-century and other texts, and has given, as he tells us, over thirty years' study to Shakespeare. It behooves us, then, to come with open minds to the study of his thesis.

Like Professor Demblon, Professor Lefranc gives short shrift to the Baconians, whom he dismisses as blunderers, right only in divining that the Shakespeare plays are not by the Stratford actor. But, of course, he dismisses also the thesis of M. Demblon, which, as he justly observes, 'rests upon nothing.' His own, in comparison, really has a certain documentary basis; and if he had been content to set out with that as a ground of induction, instead of starting from an *à priori* position of the most arbitrary kind, he might at least have claimed to introduce an interesting hypothesis. There is always a 'forerunner' in these matters, and, as M. Demblon had his cue from two Germans, M. Lefranc was partly anticipated by an Englishman, Mr. Greenstreet, who first took special note of the statement in a contemporary letter that in 1599 the Earl of Derby was giving his time to 'penning comedies for the common players.' As the Earl's elder brother had been the patron of the company of which Shakespeare was a member, this record opens up fascinating problems, speculation upon which might claim an indulgent hearing. But M. Lefranc insists upon putting his worst foot foremost, and claiming to found his case upon the absolute assumption that the plays cannot possibly have been written by the 'Stratford actor.' This dogma is duly grounded upon the equally dogmatic dictum that the author of the plays must have been 'the most instructed man who ever existed.' Absolute negatives to both propositions will be put

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and maintained by millions of men, and with those opponents all M. Lefranc's elaborate parade of method, logic, and 'concordance' will go for absolutely nothing.

It is truly strange, to begin with, that any scholar should see fit to put as a self-evident truth, admitting of no dispute, a theorem which he knows to be in flat opposition to the belief of myriads of scholars. Quoting Hamlet's comment on Osric, beginning, 'He did comply with his dug before he sucked it,' M. Lefranc asks, 'Who can seriously conceive the man of Stratford writing this?' In his opinion, this and every other authentic passage of the plays must have been the work of 'a member of the English aristocracy': nothing less will serve. It would seem to be a significant fact that so many of the 'antis' coincide on this one point. Some want a lawyer, others a great classical scholar, some a Catholic, and some a Protestant, but all, apparently, must have an aristocrat, preferably a lord — be it Bacon, Rutland, Derby, or another.

And it is just here that the bulk of the English-speaking peoples will pronounce their emphatic negative. What M. Lefranc puts as a plain certainty no man of genius has ever admitted, though Emerson, set speculating by Delia Bacon, gave the cue to the antis by saying that he could not 'marry this man's life to his verse.' Greater men and writers much nearer Shakespeare could. Milton, near enough in time to have seen him as a child, must have known that Shakespeare was a 'common player,' and that Ben Jonson allowed him 'small Latin and less Greek'; yet Milton had plainly no perplexity as to his authorship of the plays. And Jonson, who knew, criticized, and bantered him, exhibits not the faintest doubt as to the Stratford actor's capacity to produce the finest things in the Folio. In the face of these facts, how can a competent and serious scholar suppose that he can browbeat the world with a simple asseveration that the thing could not be?

His negative case, put with a trying prolixity, resolves itself into reiterating (1) that there is not a single 'concordance' between the recorded facts of Shakespeare's life and the plays as literary phenomena; and (2) that the plays are so learned, so crammed with culture and social finesse, that they could not have been produced by one so little schooled. To the first negative the student will at once oppose a dozen data — the 'Shake-scene' attack of the dying Greene, which points to the man indicated as touching up other men's plays; the dedications of the two poems to Southampton; the self-description of the actor in Sonnets 110 and 111; the references in the *Return from Parnassus;* and the testimonies of Meres, Jonson, and the fellow actors who published the Folio. The testimony of Jonson in particular is monumental and irrefragable, and it is significant to note how M. Lefranc, who so constantly talks of 'good sense,' and 'vices of method,' deals with that mountainous obstacle to his thesis. It is the mark of all the antis alike, that they either evade it or try to dispose of it by innuendo and mystification. M. Lefranc's device consists in citing another French critic, who pronounces that Jonson's self-contradictions defy rational explanation. We may leave the case at that.

M. Lefranc evidently hopes to make his readers indifferent to the concrete proofs of Shakespeare's connection with the plays by harping constantly on his thesis that there is no spiritual or cultural 'concordance' between the life of the actor and the matter of the plays. He cannot in his mind's eye see an actor, educated only at the Stratford Grammar School, writing either

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As You Like It or *Hamlet.* There are two answers to such a thesis. A hundred scholars, critics, and poets, from Jonson and Milton to Tennyson and Arnold, had no such difficulty. There is no question here of the risks of error common to poets and other men with regard to erroneous traditions such as the historicity of Arthur and of William Tell: it is a matter of common-sense judgment upon human possibilities in a case in which the same data, to begin with, are before everybody. The opinion of these men, then — the opinion of the Jonsons, the Miltons, the Drydens, the Popes, the Johnsons, the Coleridges, and all the rest — is at least as weighty as that of M. Lefranc. But perhaps the best way of meeting him is simply to take his own constructive case as he puts it, and see how that works out in respect of 'concordances,' of probabilities, of appeal to common sense, of critical method, of compliance with the canons of consistency, moral, literary, and historical.

For many years, he tells us, he had been convinced that the plays *could not* be the work of the Stratford actor. When, therefore, he chanced to meet with Mr. Greenstreet's citation of the letter of a Catholic spy, mentioning the Earl of Derby's pre-occupation with play-making in 1599, he suddenly felt that he had got the real clue. Here we are on delicate ground. He had formulated in advance, he tells us, a list of clues which, if ever found to point to any one person, would identify him as the true Shakespeare; and among these were a coat of arms with an eagle in it, which would certify the bearer as the 'Aetion' of Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, if he could be also proved to be a friend of Spenser's, an aristocrat, and *one of a family* connected with players. Further, the true Shakespeare, he forecasted, would be found to have close relations with John Dee, 'the great magician of the time'; thus accounting for *The Tempest*, and would also be a man well acquainted with Wales and Scotland and France and Italy.

M. Lefranc, however, never published any forecast to that effect, and he and we are obliged to rely for the actuality of the complex coincidence thus posited on his sheer memory, a kind of evidence that in such matters does not satisfy scientific tests. Let us, however, assume for the argument's sake that he really had posited in advance all the requirements in question. What follows? William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby, writer of comedies for the common players in 1599, is found, says M. Lefranc, to have the required marks. His brother had been patron of Shakespeare's company, to which we may add that he had a small troupe of actors of his own, which, Sir Sidney Lee tells us held on till 1607 but never had any success. Also, Stanley knew Spenser and John Dee, and had traveled for years, not only in France and Italy, but further afield. That he had also traveled in Wales and Scotland seems a matter of small importance. But really none of these things is of importance. As grounds for M. Lefranc's theory they will bear no critical investigation.

Let us take them in detail. There were, and are, eagles in many coats of arms, and Stanley's name does not fit Spenser's words: 'Doth like himself heroically sound'; whereas, those words do tolerably fit the case of Drayton, whose first name was Michael, and whose pen name was Rowland, and whose *Heroical Epistles* were probably in part in MS. in 1595. Further, Spenser is generally held to have alluded in the same page to Stanley's brother, the then Earl, as Amyntas, which puts doubly in doubt the identification of William with Aetion by the coat of

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arms. John Dee, again, was an alchemist, who in no way suggests Prospero: and the claim that *The Tempest* shows its author to have 'studied' magic is really fantastic. Any magician in any story could have suggested Prospero to a poet, and there is no magic lore in the case to 'study.' And travels in France and Italy and Wales and Scotland are neither here nor there. Some critics have independently held that the plays give evidence of travel in Italy and in Scotland; others see no evidence for the opinion, and the 'aristocrat' theory, as aforesaid, is a mere shibboleth of what we may call the Aristocratic School.

The further 'concordances' which constitute a large portion of M. Lefranc's two volumes consist mainly in the supposed correspondences between the personal experience of William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby, and the plays. William had, according to current Court scandal, an unfaithful wife, of whom he was not unnaturally very jealous. Also he had very harassing financial experience after his accession to the title, the estates being charged with heavy payments to the family of his brother and predecessor. These painful experiences, in the opinion of M. Lefranc, alone make intelligible the transition in the plays from comedy to tragedy after 1600. Shakespeare, the prosperous actor, could not possibly have had any experience that would make a pessimist of him. That is literally the thesis!

It seems almost otiose to refer M. Lefranc to the case of Molière, who, on the whole, prospered financially in Paris, but was far from being a happy man. In his prime he called himself a misanthrope, and he suffered profoundly in his domestic life. Yet he wrote only comedies, never tragedies, to the end. That circumstance might suggest to M. Lefranc that though there must be, as he argues, some organic connection between an artist's experience and his work, and though the Shakespeare plays do indicate a period of bitter experience, we are entitled neither to suppose that an actor who makes money must be happy, nor that we can infer what sort of unhappiness will yield a particular kind of play. M. Lefranc thinks that Derby's financial troubles will alone account for the writing of *Timon of Athens*. But there were other plays on Timon, and there is reason to believe that our playwright merely touched up to some extent another man's play.

In the end William Stanley is quite as hard to 'marry' to the plays as the Stratford actor, from any point of view. After one of the Earl's quarrels with his wife, M. Lefranc tells us (drawing on the letters of Sir Edward Fitton), all his servants in a body came to tell him that they would not follow him if he left his wife, they being satisfied of her innocence and of his injustice. This is hardly the figure fitted to oust the Stratford actor from his claim to the authorship of the plays published in his name by his fellow actors. The odd thing is that Derby appears to have written his 'comedies' *after* those scenes with his wife, he having forgiven her, though her guilt (with Essex) was said to be believed by the Queen and others at Court.

And here arises the crucial question: If a Catholic spy could know that Derby in 1599 was 'busy only with penned comedies for the common players,' and if those plays were some of the Shakespeare plays, and if Derby further wrote all the Shakespeare plays, the poems, and the Sonnets, how came it that no literary man of that age had any inkling of the facts, and that Ben Jonson never guessed that Shakespeare, whom he knew and criticized and so splendidly panegyrized, was an incompetent impostor? It is the special industry of

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the antis, of all schools, to strain out gnats and swallow camels; and M. Lefranc, who certainly excels all the others in scholar-like painstaking, has really achieved the greatest feat of deglutition. For his masked Shakespeare, possessed of the greatest literary powers ever centred in one human being, never publishes a line in his own name to win himself recognition. Yet M. Lefranc does not hesitate to suggest that Derby wrote the *Midsummer Night's Dream* to be played at his own nuptials. After such an assault upon 'good sense' it is hard to understand why he is so exigent in that direction on other issues as against the *Stratfordians*.

The chief concrete charge of M. Lefranc, as of other antis, against Shakespeare, is that he exacted payment from his defaulting debtors — a thing very probably done for him by his attorney as a matter of routine. The Earl of Derby, on the other hand, seems to have been habitually impecunious by reason of wasteful ways of life and bad management. This is assumed by M. Lefranc to be much more 'concordant' with the genius shown in the plays than the apparent strictness of the actor in money matters. But why? Victor Hugo was close-fisted, and Molière was a good manager.

The more we follow M. Lefranc into detail the less weight do we find in his diligent polemic. One of his most confident contentions is that the admitted fact of the plays showing signs of modification is a proof that they were written by an outsider. 'Imagine Molière,' he cries, 'writing the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* or the *Femmes Savantes*, and afterwards transforming them to make them playable by his troupe.' It would be hard to frame a more nugatory or a more perverse argument. Molière, according to Grimarest, did recast some of his earlier plays into those he produced at Paris, and he certainly modified some after their first performance. Hundreds of Elizabethan plays, from the *Spanish Tragedy* onward, were chronically modified. Dekker and Jonson and Chapman altered theirs as Shakespeare altered his. The argument, in fact, discredits the whole case which it is framed to support.

Equally damaging is the self-contradictory reasoning about the 'mystery' of the pirated quartos. M. Lefranc implies that the piracy had to be permitted because the actor was not the real owner, when all the while his position is that the actor was permitted to use the publishing rights. M. Lefranc simply does not understand the situation as to piracy and copyright in regard to Elizabethan plays. If he will turn to the recent researches of Mr. Alfred Pollard and Mr. Dove Wilson he will find an example of a really scientific induction which solves his mystery and does nearly as much to elucidate Shakespeare biography and bibliography as he has done to confuse it.

The most natural inference to be drawn from the datum that the sixth Earl of Derby was writing comedies in 1599, obviously, is not that he wrote all the Shakespeare plays, sonnets, and poems, but that he wrote some comedies for his own company, which had no success, and have accordingly disappeared. For the rest, we might as well accept the theory of Dr. Charles Creighton, who in a strangely ingenious book claims to show that Southampton collaborated with Shakespeare. Thus all three of these play-going comrades, Southampton, Rutland, and Derby, have been credited either in whole or in part with Shakespeare's work and genius. 'The wheel has gone full circle,' and we are back at the starting point of poor Delia Bacon, who started so many speculations by unsettling Emerson, and whose own theory was that the plays were produced by an aristo-

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cratic syndicate. Always the cry is for aristocrats.

One is disposed to suggest to M. Lefranc, who so strongly shares this predilection, that he should apply the principle to the plays of Molière. They, surely, show much knowledge of aristocratic life, and much culture. How came the wandering actor to possess it? And how are we to believe, on the critical principles maintained by the Aristocratic School, that the sombre and unhappy Molière is the author of all those comedies, so full of life and gayety, so free from pessimism, save in the partial asperity of *Le Misanthrope?* How came such a keen judge of character as the author of those plays to make, at a mature age, so bad a choice of a wife? Surely the problem calls for an aristocrat! If it was an impossible presumption, as some antis tell us, for a young English actor to dedicate poems to Southampton (M. Lefranc thinks it quite credible that the dedications are Earl Derby's), how could the French actor venture to dedicate plays to the Grand Monarque? Clearly, there is an opening here for French literary enterprise. And a campaign on that line would give 'the Shakespeare problem' a welcome rest.

The Observer

'NOW TO BE STILL AND REST. . . .'

BY P. H. B. L.

Now to be still and rest, while the heart remembers
All that it learned and loved in the days long past,
To stoop and warm our hands at the fallen embers,
Glad to have come to the long way's end at last.

Now to awake, and feel no regret at waking,
Knowing the shadowy days are white again,
To draw our curtains and watch the slow dawn breaking
Silver and gray on English field and lane.

Now to fulfill our dreams, in woods and meadows
Treading the well-loved paths—to pause and cry
'So, even so I remember it'—seeing the shadows
Weave on the distant hills their tapestry.

Now to rejoice in children and join their laughter,
Tuning our hearts once more to the fairy strain,
To hear our names on voices we love, and after
Turn with a smile to sleep and our dreams again.

Then — with a new-born strength, the sweet rest over,
Gladly to follow the great white road once more,
To work with a song on our lips and the heart of a lover,
Building a city of peace on the wastes of war.

The Spectator

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS OF ITALY AND FRANCE

THE imperious pressure of formidable needs weighs on America and to a less degree on England, who have interrupted that part of their exports which is not for war purposes, but have not interrupted production. The accumulation of stocks has produced in these two countries an immobility of capital, a crisis of circulation which makes it difficult for these two great allies, who have helped us by acting as banker, to respond to our financial needs quickly. The obvious remedy is then the reopening of business.

. . . But, on the other hand, on our side we say 'No,' because we should not be able to take part in this reopening and the neutral countries, which at present are suffering from our limitations, but are none the less full of gold, would enjoy an infinite capacity for purchasing and cornering, would produce without limit, would invade all our markets, would enter on a period of fabulous prosperity; and we should remain in a state of war privation, which would thus become endless. We should be overthrown and crushed in this rush to fortune of countries which have not fought, and which, owing to our sacrifice, have become the *nouveaux riches* of the world. They would, besides, supply our enemies, withdrawing them from our economic control, and they would get themselves paid by them with gold which is ours. . . .

We alone would suffer and it is not just that we should support martyrdom for the liberation of the peoples, and that we should suffer a disastrous defeat in the peace for having won the war.

. . . Italy and France, bled white, impoverished, and devastated, could not sustain any international competition if the deep and painful wounds left in them by the war were not first cured. Thus we arrive at this strange situation: that it is preferable for us to continue to bear the privations and the burdens of a general state of war rather than consent to a return to normal conditions for which we are unprepared. Not everyone on the other side of the Atlantic can understand certain worrying anomalies; and the indignant surprise of some American newspapers, which accuse France of hindering the conclusion of a rapid peace, is easy to understand. The root of all questions is here. No settlement is possible without an economic basis.

. . . The revival of normal conditions ought to begin, in us and for us, with a revival of our economic strength. If this does not happen, Germany will have won the war. One only has to consider that we have bought our raw materials at war prices, aggravated by war freights, and that, bound by contracts made when the end of the war could not be prophesied, we continue to receive cargoes at war prices; whereas, Germany will be able to withdraw the enormous stocks bought by her at the beginning of the war in South America, when prices fell in the world panic, and she will be able to supply herself at current rates, paying in freights a third or a quarter of what we ourselves have paid. If we think of this, we realize at once that under equal conditions in the economic field we should be beaten by the enemy in the very first sprint. . . .

Now how can we arise economically and financially from the state of pros-

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tration in which the effort for victory leaves us? Our sacred rights are recognized. Justice is done to us in general terms, and the questions relative to compensation and war expenses are not the least among those that the Conference is considering, but when one comes down to practical applications, to the search after precise solutions, we find that divergence of opinions which we have emphasized in discussing the return to business.

. . . A greater distance than that existing between the French thesis and that of Great Britain and America with regard to the right to compensations cannot be imagined. The work of the commission is enormous. The Americans, on the basis of Wilson's points, only admit as compensationable, damage caused by war methods contrary to the international conventions recognized at the moment in which the damage is done. The rest ought to be considered as war expenses. America is concerned to keep up Germany's financial vitality so that she may be able to rise again solvent and able to face the grave financial engagements which defeat imposed upon her. This is very just. But it is difficult to calculate the point beyond which German vitality is compromised, and we feel with greater precision the point beyond which our own vitality is compromised. By thus placing the value of damage done in the category of war expenses, we should only increase the burdens which are crushing us, burdens of which we demand a more equitable distribution in proportion to the needs of the various countries.

This is the central problem for us who are bearing the greatest economic burden of the war in proportion to our strength. But in this also America assumes the detached attitude of a benevolent witness. She does not pronounce herself, she does not discuss the projects which are being put forward to systematize the war debts with various forms of international loans entrusted to the League of Nations. She stands apart, reserved and on her guard. She has not yet admitted that the argument is official, and if we are far from the discussion we are further still from an agreement.

The Americans have helped and constantly help the Allies. They have made a powerful military effort. They have been a decisive factor of victory and are inclined to consider all this as a sufficient participation in the war. They feel that it is enormously to their interest not to let this old world crumble; because economic ruin is like a boomerang. . . . They realize the need to support countries which have become their greatest debtors, but they see European affairs from over the Atlantic even when they are here. They look at things like people who are just passing through and will return to a distant place. They have been taken in the toils of our political passions and they have discovered that what they thought was easy is very complicated, that what they thought was clear is very obscure. Everything escapes the lineal simplicity of their energetic good sense and they do not adventure into anything. They are afraid of bonds and engagements and they meditate a long time at each step like people who move on unknown ground. In their minds the desire now dominates to finish quickly, to escape from this thicket of politics in which they do not feel at their ease. This explains their irritation against opposition whose indirect and hidden importance they do not always realize, accustomed as they are to precise and immediate definitions. . . . Generous, idealistic, they are at bottom business men in the good sense of the word. And this we ought to take into account in considering

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the unsuspected difficulty which the solution of our most vital economic problems is encountering.

The Corriere della Sera

MORE LIGHT ON THE ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

ALTHOUGH the Swedish and Danish Governments have been obliged to break off diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, great interest is being taken in both countries in the possible renewal and extension of Russo-Scandinavian trade, and great optimism is being shown. The former Swedish Minister at Petrograd, General Brändström, has taken the initiative in establishing at Stockholm a Russian Trade Committee on which sit members of the Swedish commercial organizations formerly established at Moscow and Petrograd. In Denmark, the chief Russian interest circulates around plans for handling future American trade with Russia in transit, in which branch Copenhagen with her free harbor hopes to compete successfully with Hamburg. Germany herself, despite her present difficult position, is just as active as either of the Scandinavian States; her agents, the official Moscow *Finanzi i Narodnoe Khozaistvo* reports, never cease sounding the Government of People's Commissaries on the subject of possible concessions. In general there is firm belief in competent Continental circles in the relatively speedy reopening of Russia to foreign trade; though how, in view of the continuing disorder and the daily aggravated breakdown of communications, this is to be achieved is not made clear.

Irregularly arriving Bolshevik newspapers, which in view of the closing of the Russo-Finnish frontier to travelers are almost the only source of information on Russian economical matters, give a very unfavorable picture, a picture little less gloomy and much more detailed than the stories spread by refugees. True, the most influential of the Soviet's economical experts, Commissary of Finances Krestinsky, continues to be optimistic; he promised to the other Commissaries a fortnight ago that by next autumn Soviet Russia would be self-supplying; there would be a sufficient output from the nationalized factories and workshops to supply both towns and country, and as a result the peasants would have an inducement to produce enough food for town and country. But M. Krestinsky is at present somewhat discredited by the failure of his chief financial expedients. The 'one-time levy' on capital of 10,000,000,000 rubles which the 'bourgeoisie' was to pay between October 31 and December 15 last, and which was apportioned in fixed sums between provinces, has yielded in some provinces only one ten-thousandth of the sum estimated. The total from all provinces up to the end of the year was so small that it is officially stated as 'hardly worth entering in the Budget as a separate item.' Equally bad is the prospect of the tax in kind on the richer peasants, which Krestinsky declared in the preamble to his Budget would yield foodstuffs worth 7,000,000,000 rubles. The taxation authorities in three provinces — Orel, Kaluga, and Tula — report that it will be wholly impossible to collect this tax. The Budget deficit for 1918 is now officially admitted to be over 42,000,000,000 rubles. The complete failure of the direct taxation resource is put down to a newly revealed cause, *i.e.*, the levying of taxes and 'contributions' by the local Soviets. This the Soviets claim a right to do on the ground that they are the only self-governing organs, replacing the former municipalities and the government and district Zemstvos, and, therefore, are entitled to raise taxation for local pur-

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poses. In fact, however, the Central Government, as shown in the two Budgets, January-June and July-December, paid out in 1918 over 625,000,000 rubles in subsidies and doles to the local Soviets of 16 provinces. The real 'local taxation,' as the Moscow *Pravda* admits, is a kind of conquerors' forced contribution. The Soviet of Vladimir, an industrial province of North Russia, lately levied a local contribution of 3,000,000 rubles; and when a similar contribution levied at Yaroslavl was not paid the Soviets seized private chattels, including those of the Bolsheviki, and sold them. According to the Russian newspaper published at Helsingfors, 1,750,000,000 rubles have been appropriated in the form of 'taxes' and 'contributions' by local Soviets since November, 1917.

The failure of the 'tax in kind' is ascribed by the Bolshevik official press to 'mistaken estimates of the surplus of food remaining after the feeding of the peasant producers.' M. Krestinsky boldly estimated this surplus at 200,000,000 puds, a quantity which at the swollen prices now prevailing in Petrograd and Moscow (up to 20 rubles per pound) would yield much more than the 7,000,000,000 rubles promised in the Budget preamble. The anti-Bolshevik newspaper *Zhisn* states that at the mere threat of this tax the more prosperous peasants (who alone were to pay it) vowed that they would produce no surplus, or would burn any surplus there was. The Soviets are now preparing an 'agricultural census,' which is to show the actual and possible yield of crops in their 16 provinces; and meantime some fragmentary but probably typical figures have come out. In the provinces Vladimir, Tula, and Yaroslavl the spring rye sown in 1918 was 43 per cent of the normal, and the winter rye 38 per cent. In Kaluga, Orel, and Smolensk, a group of provinces west and southwest of Moscow, the estimated total crop last summer was 60 per cent of the pre-war figure, and in the wheat-producing provinces near the Ukraine it was 30 per cent. The decline took place not only on the large farms, which aimed at producing no more than the farmer and his family needed, but also on small farms which in normal times did not produce enough for household consumption. One of several official explanations is that farm machinery either has been destroyed or has got hopelessly out of repair. Soviet Russia last year imported a large quantity of agricultural machinery from Sweden and Denmark, but since the break-off of relations Swedish and Danish firms have refused to sell more. The peasants, says the *Finanzi i Narodnoe Khozaistvo*, are now ploughing with the mediæval wooden *sokha*. This newspaper adds that the Petrograd Council of National Economy will put into operation two derelict agricultural machinery factories, and that it further proposes to reopen the retail farm machine stores formerly conducted by the now abolished Zemstvos. One of the farm machine building works was opened tentatively in September last, but was soon closed again owing to lack of iron and fuel.

It is not easy to see what products Russia can offer in exchange for the badly wanted imports, now that her chief resource, foodstuffs, has dried up. At the same time, the demand for imports of manufactured goods of all kinds is unlimited. The Soviet nationalized industries, which were to make the country independent of foreign capitalist manufacturers, are in greater trouble than ever. The Government has, indeed, taken new measures to compel citizens to work, and has impressed as 'black laborers' (such is the Russian term) the hated bourgeoisie, but these measures do not mean that there is a lack of labor and enough work

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for all. On the contrary. The Moscow provincial Soviet is paying doles totaling 108,000,000 rubles a month to Bolshevik workmen whose factories and workshops are closed from want of raw material, but who refuse to move to centres where labor is needed. Hence, the local conscription of the bourgeoisie. In Petrograd in mid-December 70,000 persons were without work out of a total population variously estimated between 800,000 and 1,200,000. In Moscow the unemployed then numbered only 60,000, but in the six surrounding provinces nearly 300,000 men were without work. Not only against the unemployed bourgeoisie is rigor being shown, but also, though less systematically, against the proletariat. Where the Government of People's Commissaries feels strong enough it refuses bread and clothing cards to unemployed men who refuse to move to centres of work, and it has even arrested such offenders, and threatened to send them for trial on the elastic charge of 'sabotage' by the Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution, Speculation, and Sabotage. The Government is all the more dependent upon bourgeois 'black laborers,' because the peasants, who formerly did most of the unskilled urban work — cleaned the streets, drove droschkies, and so on — now never enter the cities.

In carrying through some of these measures the Government of People's Commissaries is brought into chronic conflict with the local Soviets. The local Soviets, it is true, are always ready to oppress the bourgeoisie and force them to work, but they usually support the local workingmen against the central authority's attempted measures of constraint. The Soviets lately complained that the towns in four *uyezds* of Moscow provinces were living practically entirely on public doles, and producing nothing, though some of these towns were seats of nationalized undertakings which were suffering from lack of labor. The Council of National Economy refused to pay unemployment allowances to workmen in some of these towns. The local Soviets protested; and as the Council remained obdurate they levied a contribution on the bourgeoisie, and paid it over to the idling workmen. 'Premiums on idleness and non-production' is the description which even the optimistic Finance Commissary Krestinsky applies to actions of this kind.

The Economist.

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TALK OF EUROPE

LADY RITCHIE

THACKERAY'S daughter, Lady Ritchie, the widow of Sir Richmond Ritchie, died recently at the age of eighty-two. She had endeared herself to a wide public by her delightful reminiscences of her father and of the other famous Victorians among whom her early life was spent. If as a novelist she achieved no popular success, she was incomparable in relating anecdotes of the sort that illuminate, about the many remarkable men and women whom she had known intimately. It is much to be regretted that, in obedience to Thackeray's dying wish, she was precluded from writing her father's *Life*. Ritchie's *Thackeray*, which would have ranked with Lockhart's *Scott*, is one of the many great books that have never been written, Lady Ritchie's charming introductions to the Biographical Edition of *Thackeray* tantalize without satisfying his devotees. The reader wants more. We may add that Lady Ritchie was an occasional contributor to the *Spectator*.

MEREDITH AS LUCULLUS

MEREDITH certainly does not increase in charm when one sees him as a man who took a serious interest in his meals. That his love of food was not a mere jolly rubicund pose is shown in several letters, wherein he complains of the want of a cook or the badness of a cook at his Box Hill house. 'Our cook is a lame 'un,' 'By the combination of all forces we obtain a kind of cat's meal, but the amenities of cookery are absent.' What these 'amenities' meant to the author of *The Lark Ascending* may be estimated from another letter, in which he describes a new recipe apparently of his own invention:

'Lark pudding: A bottom of juicy steak, topped by 2 dozen 1-2 bearded oysters, topped by 1 dozen larks. General sentiment by anticipation, "Gallopschtious." I have an idea that two kidneys might be introduced. . . .'

He should certainly have written a companion poem to the other — *The Lark Descending*. One cannot wonder as one reads these pages that Meredith was a master of irony.

IRELAND AND FRANCE

THE French used to be as great friends of Ireland as they were enemies of England, and one wonders if the arrival of the Sinn Fein delegates in Paris has stirred the old sentiment. An Irish correspondent now in France is, however, of the opinion that there is no country in which Irish affairs arouse a fainter interest than in France. Even of the historical relations between the two peoples nothing is remembered.

The only section — and it is a minute one — which follows events in Ireland with any sympathy is that composed of those fervents of race, the Celtisants, whose annual reunions Renan used to describe so humorously. It is to a French 'Celt,' M. Treguiz, that we are indebted for an admirable recent book upon Ireland and the war, *L'Irland dans la Crise Universelle*. But to the average Frenchman, whether Radical or Conservative, conditions in Ireland — a country which can combine devotion to the Roman Church with revolutionary sentiment — appear a little too fantastic for serious consideration.

However, the Sinn Feiners must have been much puffed up by the manner in which French newspapers announced the arrival of their delegate in Paris. Mr. O'Kelly was described simply as the representative of the Government of the Irish Republic, and no inverted commas were attached to the expression.

THE NEW EDITOR OF THE TIMES

MR. WICKHAM STEED'S appointment as editor in the place of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson means a greater change in the *Times* tradition than would appear. He is, I think, the first editor of the *Times* who was not an English public school and Oxford man. Mr. Buckle, whom Mr. Dawson succeeded, was,

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like Delane, of Winchester and New College. Mr. Wickham Steed has had most of his education on the Continent, his universities being Jena, Berlin, and Paris.

He was strongly Russophile before the war, and worked hard for an understanding with Russia. He has written much on the Balkan problems, and is claimed by the Jugo-Slavs as one of their chief supports. He has been *Times* correspondent at Berlin, Rome, and Vienna. He is said to be a man of liberal views.

The cynical comment on the appointment is that, as Mr. Steed's interests are mainly concerned with foreign affairs, Lord Northcliffe will be able to exercise his complete control over home politics in a way that was apparently impossible during Mr. Dawson's editorship. The fact that Mr. Dawson's letter was addressed to Mr. Walter has raised some curiosity as to the present balance of power to-day in Printing House Square.

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND THE STATUS OF WOMEN

We have received the following communication from our collaborator, Doctor Harold Williams:

The statement has been frequently made of late in the press and in public speeches that the Bolsheviki have issued a monstrous decree for the nationalization of women, and a Women's Society in Paris is reported to have undertaken a campaign against the Bolsheviki on this particular ground. Personally, I cannot be accused of any prepossession in the Bolsheviki's favor, but just because I feel so acutely the enormity of their real crimes and the iniquity of their whole régime I consider it wrong to weaken the case against them by imputing to them crimes they have not committed.

I have made particular inquiries among friends recently arrived from Russia as to the alleged nationalization of women, and they all assure me positively that they have never heard or read of such a decree. It is certain that the Central Bolshevik Government has issued no order of the kind, and if Anarchists in Smolensk or school boys in some other provincial town have printed such abominable productions, the Central Government cannot be held responsible. The position of women and of everybody else under the Bolshevik régime is far too tragical to be made the subject of such gross caricature as these reports of the nationalization of women really are.

FAREWELL TO GREEK

In these strenuous days the abolition of compulsory Greek in the Oxford Responsions has excited little remark outside the academic circle. The long-delayed reform was carried by a majority of two to one in Congregation recently. Professor Gilbert Murray, the Regius Professor of Greek, spoke and voted for the motion. There were, he said, a hundred and sixty English-speaking Universities, and among them Oxford and Cambridge alone based their culture on the study of the classics. We are all for the classics, and we have often pointed out how in practical America the study of the classics is rapidly gaining in favor. But we are sure that the future of classical scholarship in this country is not bound up with the maintenance of the pedantic rule which required every candidate at Responsions to learn the mere elements of Greek, even if he had no intention of pursuing a classical or literary course of study. Boys and girls from the numerous secondary schools where Greek is not taught as a regular subject were thus placed at a serious disadvantage.

BRITISH PLANS FOR A MAYFLOWER CELEBRATION

In September, 1620, the Mayflower, a little craft of one hundred eighty tons burden, sailed from Plymouth Sound with one hundred souls on board, bound for the inhospitable shores of the New World. After incredible hardships, this little band laid the foundations of the State of New England, destined to become the keystone of the mighty structure of the United States. The three hundredth anniversary of that event is likely to raise to a high pitch the enthusiasm of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race — now bound in inseparable brotherhood for the uplifting of the human race.

Already a strong committee has been formed under the presidency of the Duke of

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Connaught, with Lord Weardale as chairman, to secure an international celebration of the event. There will be visits and return visits between prominent American and British politicians, statesmen, clergymen, and all classes. Another committee, acting in concert with the above, has been formed, representative of the English Free Churches, to which the Pilgrim Fathers belonged. The Reverend F. B. Meyer, D.D., is the honorable secretary, and among the members are Mrs. Lloyd George, the Reverend E. Charles Brown, the Reverend Doctor Clifford, the Reverend Doctor Jowett, the Reverend Doctor Selbie, Principal Forsyth, the Reverend J. H. Shakespeare, Sir J. Compton Rickett, M.P., Miss Maud Royden, Sir Albert Spicer, M.P., Principal Garvie, the Reverend R. C. Gillie, Sir Beddoe Rees, Sir Murray Hyslop, Doctor Horton, Doctor J. D. Jones, and Doctor Scott Lidgett. This committee is engaged in producing pamphlets intended to reach all classes. At Leyden, in Holland, preparations are also afoot to celebrate the temporary residence there of the Pilgrims and their families.

It is proposed to hold a series of public meetings in the biggest halls throughout this and other countries to follow the track of the Pilgrims from place to place associated with their heroic sufferings, and to visit the United States for a similar purpose. A special feature of the celebrations will be the official Mayflower cinematograph film, which is being produced by Mr. Harry Maze Jenks, of the Clarendon Film Company ('Harma Photo-Plays') who has been entrusted with this historic film, which is being edited and directed for the committee and the Clarendon Film Company by the Reverend James Marchant, F.R.S.Ed. (secretary of the Cinema Commission and of the Cinema Educational Expert Committee).

Writing to Mr. Marchant, Mr. Lloyd says:

'I am glad to hear that the Free Churches are preparing to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower from our shores. Three hundred years ago this little group of pioneers braved a new world and carried with them to New Plymouth the Anglo-Saxon ideals of justice and liberty. We recall the Pilgrim Fathers with reverence for what they were and with gratitude for what has come back to us from the America of today. At this momentous time, when America is indissolubly linked with us in extending liberty over the world, the official cinematograph of the Mayflower story will do much to show the people, both of America and of this country, what we together owe to our forefathers, to quicken their love of liberty, and to establish that peace for which the descendants of the men of the Mayflower have fought and died side by side with our British sons.'

President Wilson writes:

'Paris, February 7.

'My dear Mr. Marchant,— The plans of the Mayflower celebration film interest me very much indeed, and I hope sincerely that these plans will meet with the most gratifying success. The trip of the Mayflower, as we now look back to it, has a new and fresh significance. It was the first movement of the shuttle which has woven so close a fabric of intimacy between the two sides of the water.

'Cordially and sincerely yours,

'Woodrow Wilson.'

THE BELL OF SAINT SENAN

Saint Patrick's ancient bell — Clog an Eadhacta Phatraic — is still preserved, we hope, in Belfast. It was there seventy years ago. On Thursday next the bell of another holy Irish saint — Senanus — will be offered for sale at Christie's. Although without clapper, it has already caused a din in Runic-Celtic circles, for this tenth-century relic was for ages venerated and feared by the peasantry of Galway and Clare. Hagiographers agree that Saint Senan deserves high place in the hierarchy of saints, and put him next to Patrick, Brigit, and Columcillé. The ruins of the seven churches and the round tower on Scattery Island (Iniscatha), in the Shannon, remain today as the revered vestigia of the saint and his devout life-work, and his island has long been called 'Holy' and the desired last resting-place of the faithful.

The legend of Saint Senan's bell, as narrated in the ancient manuscripts, tells us that one day, when the saint was near

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Kiltinnaun, a bell, clanging loudly, descended from the skies and fell at his feet. It was thereupon called 'Clog na Neal' — the bell of the clouds — but as the years went by it became known as the 'Clog an Oir,' from its similitude to gold. Five inches high and two and a half inches at the base, it is constructed of bronze-gilt, of rectangular shape, widening towards the base, the four faces being decorated with slightly raised panels of Runic ornament outlined with silver, and with sunk receptacles for jewels. This (the original) portion of the bell probably dates from about the tenth century; it has, however, been enriched during the Gothic period with plates of silver which overlay three of its sides, these plates being engraved and partly enameled on a gilt ground, with serpentine monsters terminating in foliage, one having a crowned human head; at the top of the two side panels are human heads, while the plaque which covers the handle is engraved with fleur-de-lys.

For nearly six hundred years the bell was preserved by the comharbs of Saint Senan, the last comharb being Calvagh O'Cahane, who died in 1581. It still remained in the keeping of the direct line of this family until 1730, when, through marriage, it passed to Robert Cahan, of Ballyvoe, from whom it descended to the present owner, Mr. Marcus Keane, of Ennis. The old comharbs caused the relic to attain a high degree of sanctity. No oath was held to be so inviolate as one sworn on the sacred bell. The peasantry grew to believe that anyone who told a lie, after being sworn on the bell, would have his mouth twisted forever awry. Down to about 1850 it was used as a menace. A pair of saddle-bags containing three hundred fifty pounds were stolen. There was no clue or trace. The priest, as a last resort, announced that on the following Sunday he would bring the bell to the chapel and swear every member of his flock upon it. On Saturday night a contrite man appeared at the priest's house, saying, 'Father Kelly, there's no occasion for the Golden Bell; here's every bit of the money.' The 'Clog an Oir' may yet have another sphere of usefulness — say, across the Rhine.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Arthur James Balfour, statesman, philosopher, and author is too well known to Americans to require a biographical notice. It may be of use, however, to recall the fact that Mr. Balfour has been Foreign Secretary since 1916.

* * *

Count Von Brockdorff-Rantzau, though young in years, has had a long career in the German diplomatic service. He is now the Imperial Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

* * *

Henry Arthur Jones (Honorary A.M. Harvard), author of *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, *The Hypocrites*, and many other plays, is an English dramatist of distinction.

* * *

Max Beerbohm is perhaps the most appreciated of the British humorists. His burlesque novels *Zuleika Dobson* and *The Happy Hypocrite* have recently been republished.

* * *

The Right Honorable J. M. Robertson, late member of Parliament, is an author and lecturer who has made a particular study of the Shakespeare controversy.

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PROTHALAMION

BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

When the evening came my love said to me:
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool;
The garden of black-hellebore and rosemary,
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat
Of day had waned: and round that shaded plot
Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet:
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered but our lips spake not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam
Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise
With spire of cypress and dreamy beechen dome,
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the skies:

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk
Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove:
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk
I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon
Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours:
Only the soft, unseeing heaven of June,
The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now
Were silent; the night-jar sought his secret covers,
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking brow —
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love?
Beautiful are your warm lips beneath my kiss;
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful —
Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this!

The New Statesman

A CONCERT

BY HELEN CASH

Like the long rustle of wind-rippled leaves,
Stirring the languor of a summer noon,
Flutter of silks and programmes, droning droon
Of voices, laughter, heat that sways and heaves:
Then, o'er their shifting masses stillness spread,
Such a deep hush on all that motionless sea
Of living faces, turned expectantly,
As makes them seem a battle host of dead.
Till o'er the shivering silence sharply fall
The crashing chords, and with the hollow roar
Of storm waves beating upon rock and shore,
A tempest of wild music fills the Hall.
It rose in gusts and sank, then, birdlike, thin,
Came the clear warbling of a piccolo,
And ceased, when, throbbing, passionate and low,
Burst the wild rapture of a violin.

The Bookman

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